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BY

JAMES HUTCHISON STIRLING

HON. LL.D. EDIN., HON. LL.D. GLASG.

Foreign Member of the Philosophical Society of Berlin; first-appointed Gifford Lecturer on the Whole Foundation, Lectured Edinburgh University, 1888-90, *etc., etc.*

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To the Memory of

MY WIFE

WHOSE IRREPARABLE LOSS IS ASSOCIATED INSEPARABLY

WITH ITS PUBLICATION

I Dedicate this Little Book

TO ME SHE WAS

THE SWEETEST WOMAN AND THE MOST INGENUOUS

THE TRUEST WIFE AND THE FAITHFULEST

THAT IN THE WILL OF GOD

EVER BLESSED MAN

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CONTENTS

CHAP.		PAGE
I.	Of Categories Generally	17
II.	Of the Double Statement	22
	1. The Contradiction of Reason and Faith.—2. Reflexion-Philosophy.—3. The Mother's Lap.—4. Hegel's Earliest Writing.—5. The Phænomenologie.*	
III.	Categories and Physics	74
IV.	Religion and the Categories . . .	123
V.	Conclusion	147

* A general reader may not be interested in the discussion as to positions Logical and Phænomological; but much occurs to be said in Hegel's regard which is somewhat new, perhaps, and otherwise possibly such that the philosophical student might regret to miss it.

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PREFACE

ASSUMING it to be seen from elsewhere that to reason is to proceed from something before us, to some other something not then before us, through what in some way is a thread of identity—assuming further that to found and ground reasoning as reasoning there is required *a* principle, a single principle, that, of itself self-certain, is in want of not another beyond it:—Such principle, evidently, must, as conditioning progress from identity to difference, be in itself at once both—*such* that it is at once identity and difference—*such* that its difference is at the same time its identity, and its identity at the same time its difference—*such* that from its identity it is that you pass to its difference, and not less back again from its difference to its identity. There is only one existence—one actually known and recognised existence—in all this world, that comes up to, or can realise, in every point of view, the principles, the discrimina, the contra-distinguishing significatives indicated.

It is the *Ego*.

Readers may have been shocked, I fear, by the

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assumption in my last volume * that the antithesis and reciprocity, the dialectic, the ratio, of subject and object in the Ego is—*Thought!* Still this of the Ego has been at least named or, to say so, even acted upon by the unexceptively accredited, the universally received and accepted, highest masters in the realms of pure thought—say, for the nonce, Kant and Hegel.

The latter has such expressions as these:—Ego and Thought are the same—Ego *is* Thought—every man is an entire world of ideas which are buried in the night of the Ego—Ego is the universal into which every particular is negated and absorbed—I or Me, sounds trivial, but it is not so to reflection. The brute cannot say *I*, but only the man, for man is Thought. Then Kant, I have already quoted him elsewhere to say: That man can have Ego in his apprehension exalts him infinitely above all other living beings on earth—this capability is the understanding (Thought) itself.

And what does it amount to, this—to say that the immanent or innate ratio within the Ego is Thought? To say that—if the Ego itself is Thought—is only a little more particular, is only to approach a little nearer to the individual, precisely functioning principle or reason. But it is not to say that the Ego so regarded, is tantamount to the actual personality of a living man. Concrete Ego, as existent, is more than the merely notional Ego. Concrete Ego has its constitutive content within it or under it: the

* "What *is* Thought? or, The Problem of Philosophy."

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absolute Ego, the absolute content; the finite ego, its own finite content. Nor is that other, the notional Ego, after all, anything new, unheard of, or absurd. Really, the Ego, Ego at all, as first principle is nothing strange. Descartes is there with his primitive basis of self-consciousness. Spinoza said for Ego, Substance; but that Substance is really his master's Ego. Leibnitz, when he said Monad, said nothing but Ego; and his Monadology (take with it my water-drop in Schwegler, p. 442) is about the most perfect *species* of ordinary idealism, and of a little more than ordinary idealism, as yet extant. Berkeley will only have two minds reciprocally, and that is Ego. Even Hume, who has only ideas in a mind, does, in actual and good truth—though without the word—name Ego. Then the Germans?

Jacobi has only, in his natural "*feeling*" and "*belief*," Ego; but have we not found Jacobi himself (*Secret of Hegel*, p. 232, or Hegel's *Logik*, p. 95) naming Ego "the pure spontaneity"? And what is that but the pure self-create? Kant, in ultimate analysis, can have, for new and substantial discovery, left him only the quarry of the Categories, with not a single ground or principle under them but Ego; for that is beyond a doubt—they are all of them referred thither; so that, even more than *implicitly*, his one single principle of *à priori* derivation and deduction is Ego. Fichte did no more than openly and loudly shout all this: it can be easily read in himself without a call to the authority of either Schelling or Hegel. This testimony of

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Biese, however, is (*Aristot.* i. x.) summary: the ego was to Fichte "cause of itself, to itself beginning and end, free and absolute, the single true reality." Fichte himself actually says (WW. x. 97), "das Wörtlein Ich—the little word Ego will be indeed at last the sole prize of Kant's, and, if I dare name myself after him, of my own knowledge-devoted life"; as elsewhere this, "my whole philosophy, is built on the pure Ego."

Nor can Schelling well be said to have done more than what, not without some little *soupçon* of a boast, he claims for himself, the supplementing of Fichte's sujective deduction by "a completely objective demonstration" of his own; while Hegel caps all by absolutely creating, though perhaps not much less absolutely in silence and concealment, his own vast system out from the very pulse-beat of the heart of the Ego itself. And neither need we stop here: the grand quadrilateral (of Kant and the others) is not without its outliers, nor these without their runners between. There is Krause, for example, the best of them it may be, it is of him that we hear that there is a progression in his philosophy "from self-consciousness as the first certainty in cognition"—"with Ego, of the truth of which there can be no doubt, there is found a fixed starting-point as well as a subjective criterion of truth." That, and more, too, we have from Erdmann; while in the same reference we have again as much as this from elsewhere, "that God, namely, is the infinite unconditioned Ego, as also that finite beings of reason

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know themselves in God as finite egoes." Nay, there are, say, the Indian assurances to a like effect: "He first said, I am I; therefore his name was I."

Of the Ego, then, as underlying, prompting, guiding, and animating, from first to last, so much of modern philosophy, there can be no doubt; while, as regards ancient philosophy, we have but to name Anaxagoras to be reminded that νοῦς, thought, the Ego, with quite as little doubt, constituted throughout the main suggestive and determinative conception then.

Let such be the judgment of history, then, modern, ancient; but what is the state of the case in its own simple nature? Let us just see our own idea of what it is to think. What is it that we do when we think? Only try it! Why, think your ink-bottle, pen, paper, or the fire, say. Can you think the very shoe on your foot without—GENERALISING?

If we will but take the trouble to consult those who tell us of the faculties of the mind, we shall find that, directly or indirectly, all those authorities agree upon this, that *Generalisation* is precisely the one act that constitutes *thinking*. This, Locke finds, according to Stewart, "to form the characteristical attribute of a rational nature"; and, Locke himself certainly tells us (II. xi. 10) that "the having of general ideas is that which puts a perfect distinction betwixt man and brutes"; while Stewart himself has it (*Elements*, etc., I. iv.) that "without this faculty of the mind we should have been perfectly

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incapable of general speculation—reasoning." Well, then, if Thought be simply Generalisation, what is that ultimately—what is the generalisation ultimate? Why, Ego! *

Self-consciousness is the single *condition* of thought —the single *foundation* of thought—it *is* thought. And the proposition is that this is the ultimatum of the whole of Philosophy.

Nevertheless, in the little volume referred to, this, that the Ratio of the Ego is Thought, was not the one purpose of the work itself. That purpose was specially, after all, what bore on German Philosophy; which, I was presumptuous enough to flatter myself, had been, so far, brought therewith to something of a terminal crisis.

Of that little book itself, I could not expect, published as it was in the thick of the war, much notice to be taken. Nevertheless, even then, it was not without certain very gratifying press notices; and I hope I may be pardoned now if, without having the impertinence to name them, I allow my *amour propre* the indulgence of quoting a few of the, no doubt, too favourable expressions of friends of mine who, as experts, and officially placed, had been troubled by me with copies of the volume. And yet, if I put some stress on the fact of these friends being expressly, officially expert, it at least notifies to myself that I have not quite missed my footing beneath the laudation of an enthusiasm

* Or take it thus: To generalise a particular is to find a genus, and the genera of genera are the Categories.—Ego!

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which, on the part of two or three others is, as I dare not deny, very dear to me!

"A book in which every page expresses years of thought."

The writer, acknowledged to be at the head of all experts, goes on to a personal ranking which is too flatteringly kind for the recipient at all to allow himself to quote.

"I have read it all with the keenest pleasure. For acute and penetrating criticism, it is almost superhuman. Poor Immanuel!! How will you dare to look him in the face when you get to Heaven? Perchance there are no Categories *there!*"

A reader may see in this only half a kindly irony. The same reader will think it quite natural that *I* see in it *truth*. And I do see in it this truth: Kant has never yet been so analysed, will never again in this world be so analysed—oh, well, say—without *cribbing!* I willingly admit, all the same, that there may be partiality in it; but if there be, it is, as on the part of a perfectly honourable and accomplished expert, a partiality of which I am proud.

One or two of my correspondents rather signalise points only:—

"Chapter II., which you say 'the general reader' may 'pass by,' is *most* excellent and conclusive."

"I have been interested in much of it. You certainly hit off in an admirably lucid way the main fallacy in the Quantified Predicate doctrine: would it were dropt from the books on Logic!"

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"Your exposure of the weakness of the Kantian categories leaves nothing to be desired: especially the point that the 'Given' is always already categorised, gives its own cue, and sounds its own prompter's whistle. That part of Kant's book, I shall never read again."

I do not think that it is required of me to say that these latter correspondents are also official experts: the fact *shows*.

I shall follow these up, and conclude here by—only the usual generalities apart—a whole single letter.

"There is all the 'tang' of the *Secret* in the new volume, and it is not a little remarkable that thirty-five years should separate the two. May we not say, indeed, that this is *The* Secret or at least the Secret told out? It is so I understand the book as the final clearing up of the mystery, the stripping-off of the last veil that has hitherto obscured and distorted the view of Hegel. There is, of course, much else, much of yourself; but this, I take it, is the beginning and end of the book. Attentive readers must find this indicated in the 'Secret' and in the 'Lectures on the Philosophy of Law' clearly enough, but it has never been pressed home with so much authority and such wealth of illustrative support.

"But stated as you state it, it is more than interpretation: it has all the value of a substantive philosophical pronouncement. On these all-important points I find it full of instruction—first, the question of the primal ἀνάγκη (and in a general reference the ontological argument); secondly, the 'philosophy of contingency'; and

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thirdly, the personality of God. The way you put this last point makes it, I think, more convincing than any direct utterance one can find in Hegel, and the contrast you draw between Schelling and Hegel in this respect is helpful. The difference between the two would seem to lie mainly in Hegel's strict fidelity to the action of the Ego, while Schelling, as you say, returns to Spinoza's Substance in this very act of professing to leave it behind.

"Apart from the strictly philosophical matter, I need hardly say I have read with great interest your incisive psychology of the relations between Schelling and Hegel. There must have been a natural antipathy latent between two such different natures. Schelling's attitude must, to begin with, and up to the Phænomenologie, have been one of indulgent patronage, with just a spice of contempt for the slow-going man who wrote such a ghastly style, and who must have appeared 'wooden' in many ways to his brilliant junior. If this was his general feeling, it would go far to explain his bitterness when he found himself superseded by his lumbering follower. The light you throw on the *medical* allusion in the Preface is quite new to me, and, if not inadvertent on Hegel's part, the stab was certainly unpardonable. Caroline, too, the redoubtable, much-married Romanticist, would hardly draw to Hegel."

That, certainly, is remarkable, the interval of thirty-five years, to which the writer alludes; but of all human beings, German, English, or other, he *alone* has seen and said the totality and finality of the "Secret." Apart its complete possession of the subject, the generosity of its content, with much

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else—all stamps this letter as indeed the letter of a *friend*, but of a friend whose simple word it is impossible to distrust, as that of a free, open, modest, singularly candid, and ably accomplished mind.

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ERRATUM

PAGE 79.—First line of footnote, "first volume" should read "first edition."

Platonic, Patristic, Scholastic, down through Valla, Vives, Ramus, Gassendus, Campanella, Bacon, Descartes, Spinoza, Locke, Leibnitz, and many others, to Kant, Fichte, Schelling, Krause, Herbart, Hegel.

This, plainly, is tantamount to a whole history,

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whether ancient, mediæval, or modern, treated, as it were, by this one single man, and from his one single point of view. It is well that the reader in question should know as much; but we here, for our part, have no such apparent totality of an object. Nor indeed is it, in essential depth, necessary. It is really with Kant, and since Kant, that, in relation to Categories, we can, of essential depth, talk at all.

Kant began the subject in this way, that, perplexed by Hume's call for the reason that *necessarily* bound the effect to its cause, and shut out from the whole sphere of sensible experience, in which, as stands up at once to every eye on the least reflection, what is called *contingency* is alone all and everywhere, while, for its part again, what is called *necessity* is null and nowhere (causes and effects in this world, for example, are all of them matter of mere sense, mere sensible experience; and there is nothing whatever to suggest that the processes among them are in any way more)—So perplexed and so shut out (or so shut in), Kant, I say, was driven, in his search for necessity, to the *à priori* of the intellect as apart from, and independent of, all matters of sense and of what we name the *experience* that holds of it.

Kant, as he was led on and on in this search, eventually applied himself to *judgment* as *judgment*, in so far, that is, as judgment is a simple, innate function or faculty of mere pure *à priori* intellect, understanding: and, accordingly, what he first

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tabulates is what he calls *Quantity*. Quantity was his first Category. All matters of sense, of sensible experience, received into the mind, from without, say, were submitted to Quantity from within, to the control of Quantity from within, and under this control were accordingly ordered, arranged, dressed, modified—intellectually, to say so, *notionalised*. That is, what were first, or at first, the mere sparse contingent things taken into the mind by the action of our special senses, smell, taste, touch, hearing, and sight, were now converted by the Category into *Notions*—notions that with sense for their *matter* had intellect, understanding, for their *Form*. Further, then, these notions, these notionalised things, with the *Contingency* of their matter of sense, had now the Necessity of their form of the intellect, the understanding.

Quantity, in its definite terms, contained three Categories. That is, Quantity was either Universal, Particular, or Singular—a division that, as one sees, is made familiar to us by every Logical Text-book. How each of these categories, ideal itself, may be conceived to act, infecting, so to speak, and assuming into its own self the matter of sense ideally inchoate within, will by strict reference to its logical function, with some little trouble perhaps, not remotely suggest itself.

These explanations we shall suppose to suffice for the other categories also, conspicuous for their part in their full tables as found in Kant's various works relevant, especially in the Prolegomena and the

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Kritik of Pure Reason. In whole, under four head-titles, they are twelve in number. Twelve! When one thinks that, with Kant, the whole information which we owe to the senses, is, so far, not information at all, but only something crass, raw, rude, brute, really unseen, unheard, till these twelve categories have taken it in hand, drenched it, dressed it, cooked it: made a world of it—this world; one can only pity these unfortunate twelve that have all these millions and millions of objects with all their millions and millions of mutual relations between them—one can only pity these twelve, I say, for their immeasurable task, an actual universe to account for!

And this, at least partly, is what we may suppose Fichte to have thought. Fichte saw at once, namely, into and gauged the findings of Kant. Categories, the categories were the centre of philosophy: the Categories were Philosophy itself. And so we had the *Wissenschaftslehre*.

Schelling immediately followed with his mere repetitions of Fichte—naturally in his own way of course, and in no long time afterwards (under Hegel), with his divergences and divagations, which, as from a man of genius, talent, and infinite accomplishment, will always be found engaging, interesting, informative, and instructive (psychologically and philosophically my relative word is to be found elsewhere); but they are not by any means in line with philosophy as it was then approving itself, and really, absolutely, without an eye on the part of

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Schelling to what Hegel had on his part then in hand.

It is this Hegel who will always be known in philosophy as, even after Kant, the master of Categories. Trendelenburg (in his Latin somewhat imposing, though all the others, as Bonitz, Waitz, like Ritter and Preller, write capital Latin, but possibly, all the same, not one of them perhaps so lightly, easily, flowingly as Mullach, or with more elegance than our own Hutcheson)—Trendelenburg, who has never absent from his mind a *coup de grace* to Hegel, cannot be said to have even entered on a discussion of his categories in the express book relative. A very full list of them, nevertheless, as they appear in the greater Logic, is to be found in Dr William T. Harris, the American Commissioner of Education's book on the "Genesis of the Categories of the Mind," on Hegel's Logic that is. As concerns this our little book, however, though bearing in its title the word, it is not meant to talk of Categories, as formally the business in hand. What comes into speech here is, for the most part, a general theme, and really in continuance of philosophy as I have of late written on it, say, in my immediately previous book, "What *is* Thought?"

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CHAPTER II

THE DOUBLE STATEMENT

1. The Contradiction of Reason and Faith.—2. Reflexion-Philosophy.—3. The Mother's Lap.—4. Hegel's Earliest Writing.—5. The Phænomenologie.

1. *The Contradiction of Reason and Faith.*

THAT I begin here so will presently explain itself: And for actual first, I quote at once from "Glauben und Wissen, oder die Reflexionsphilosophie der Subjektivität, in der Vollständigkeit ihrer Formen, als Kantische, Jacobische, und Fichtesche Philosophie" (Belief and Knowledge, or the Reflexion-Philosophy of Subjectivity in the Entirety of its Forms, as Kantian, Jacobian, and Fichtean Philosophy), as immediately follows:—

"In our culture, we have risen so far above the ancient dualism of reason and faith, philosophy and religion, that this dualism has taken on quite another sense, and been transferred to philosophy. That reason is the handmaid of faith, as earlier times expressed it, and whereto philosophy immovably opposed its own absolute autonomy—these

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conceptions or expressions have disappeared. And reason—if it is reason that has given itself the name—has so asserted itself in positive religion that any contest of philosophy against that *positive* [miracle and such else], is regarded as something by-past, and faded from view; and that Kant, in his attempt to vitalise the *positive* form of religion through a gloss from his own philosophy, did not for this reason fail, that the peculiar sense of these forms would be injured thereby, but that, on the contrary, they themselves were seen to be no longer worth reference. The question, however, is whether victorious reason has not met with the fate that the conquering strength of barbarous nations is not unwont to meet with as against the submitting weakness of others that are civilised: externally to rule, namely, but, internally, or in spirit, to fall vanquished by the vanquished, conquered by the conquered. The glorious victory which enlightened or enlightening reason, has won over what—in its small measure of relative appreciation—it understood religion to be, is, seen in its truth, nothing else than this: that neither what it supposed to be religion remained religion, nor that the all-conquering reason remained reason; while the new birth, triumphant over the dead, that was to have been the child of peace to unite both—has in it just as little of reason proper, as of true religion."

This, the first paragraph in the whole works of Hegel, is, whether in its matter or in its form, singularly characteristic. And by *form* here I do not mean, technically, the dialectic, though that wonderful child, triumphant over the two corpses (for the original has it so—"auf diesen Leichnamen trium-

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phirend") would seem, not more ambiguously than usual, to point thither, but simply Hegel's *style* (diction, *copia verborum*, provision or use of words); while by *matter* I do mean his *Inhalt*, for that Inhalt—that, his *matter*, generally named—cannot be better expressed than by reference to the "Gegensatz der Vernunft und des Glaubens" (the contradiction of reason and faith), a reference which is to sum itself up in the hinted substitution of reason *proper* for what is ordinarily thought reason, and the similar substitution of *true* religion for religion ordinarily so named. For that lies in the intimation that, as regards the difference in question, both sides have failed; because, namely, that what, on the one side, was called reason, was not reason, and that what, on the other side, was called religion, was not religion.

As we see, then, this first paragraph is well in place as introductory, generally, to the works of Hegel, nor is it less so as specially introductory to the one work which is immediately concerned; for that refers to the direct predecessors of Hegel—namely, Kant, Jacobi, and Fichte; and precisely on the same theme—namely, philosophy and religion.

2. *Reflexion-Philosophy.*

The philosophies of these three men are to be proved, it seems, as the title in front carries it, "reflexion-philosophies of subjectivity." It is Michelet that edits this first volume of the works

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of Hegel; and so it is that we naturally turn at once to him for some explanation of this—surely strange—phrase, at once there in all its conspicuity of title. Our curiosity here, however, shall reach no further than to what in Michelet concerns, not the whole of Hegel's article on these philosophies, but only its *introduction;* which still counts no less than fifteen long and closely condensed pages. In comment of them, Michelet, nevertheless, has no more than barely two of his own loose ones; and his first remark is that this essay is rightly placed at the forefront of the Hegelian philosophy, for the reconciliation of reason and faith is "the main problem of the self-completing consciousness of a people." He instances, in proof, Neo-Platonism for the Greeks, and these philosophies of Kant, Jacobi, and Fichte for the Germans; but adds for the latter that they still required the complement of Hegel himself. It is probably a little too much, however, I may remark, to find in Neo-Platonism an intellectual understanding of the Greek religion, and a consequent reconciliation of it with Greek philosophy; but it is right to say that Hegel, led up to it by Kant and the others, did aim at such a reconciliation with Christian philosophy of Christian religion. That, too, is right, that Michelet (p. xx) refers to Hegel as attributing the general movement to the principle of Protestantism (to deduce, namely, "the truth from one's own inner and the testimony of the spirit."

There follows now, however (as concerns what

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might only be wished), hardly a phrase further that applies as special explanation to the introduction of Hegel's essay; and surely one word, in that regard at least, might have thrown, possibly, some not unwelcome light on that "strange" expression, "Reflexions-Philosophies of Subjectivity," and so served as a key to the whole subject. Indirectly, nevertheless, by indication (p. xx) of the *content* of all the three philosophies being, as expressly named, "mere *belief*, not even of an *objective dogma*, but in the form of *subjective feeling*," one is enabled to conjecture that a reflexion-philosophy of subjectivity is a philosophy where the philosophising subject is alone at last with precisely no more than his own subjectivity of *belief* and *feeling*, unsupported by any ascertained *principle* of objective *knowledge*.

We can now see, then, the entire compass of Michelet's two loose pages on the fifteen others, long and condensed, of Hegel, though only in introduction to, pretty well, half a volume.

3. *The "Mother's Lap."*

Before turning on our steps, however, as may seem suggested, it will, we think, not badly avail to place here, in reference to certain expressions of Michelet in his short preface to the volume as a whole, what we hold to be the reasonable view to be taken on the question as to whether Schelling is to be named, along with these others, Kant, Jacobi, Fichte, as a predecessor of Hegel, in con-

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sequence, on his part, of actual originating and determining philosophical influence.

A first word of Michelet's here is this: "I had proposed this"—*i.e.* to begin with them—"because I knew that these four Dissertations, Hegel's earliest writings, contained the germ of his whole philosophy, specially, too, as it had just emerged from its mother's lap, say, in the preceding historical standpoint of the philosophy of Schelling."

Michelet's voice is about the loudest, perhaps, in the—to me, at least—vulgar cry that Hegel comes from Schelling. To me, indeed, this almost amounts to a blot on Michelet's knowledge of Hegel. In view of what we see—say, if nowhere else, in the preceding volume of mine, and also, earlier, in the Secret of Hegel (Chapter I.)—to have been the fruit of the relations of the two men at Jena, we may contend, rather, that Schelling comes from Hegel. One may discover, if one will, signs enow of an unconscious yielding on the part of Schelling to the authority of Hegel, which may pardonably found a *presumption* in the case. There is no doubt that Hegel was introduced to Fichte by Schelling in these first two Fichtian pamphlets of his; but the quarry of Hegel's knowledge of Fichte, for all that, was Fichte himself. As for "a mother's lap," that, for all of them in common, was the lap of Kant; and if Hegel did really cling considerably closer to that "lap" than the rest, that only showed the depth of his inquest and the truth of his insight.

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There are many single sentences in Schelling which can be cited for their speculative, or, even, to say so, their Hegelian relevancy; but, loosely in place, they admit not of reference to any Hegelian source. Still, such references as those on p. vii that concern the changes of philosophy, or the unchange of the substantial unity, cannot but attract the eye at least with a thought of Hegel. That on p. viii, again, recognition, to wit, "of the greatest tenderness" to Schelling on the part of Hegel ("as of Aristotle to Plato") "even when he refuted him," does not go well with that searching and irresistible scoff which we know of from the preface to the Phænomenologie; while, even in admitting failure for Schelling and success for Hegel in "the absolute form," it is safe to see fatal ignorance on Michelet's part of what that form is—the Ego, namely, and the native dialectic of the Ego. For he has these words: "In his philosophical efforts Hegel proceeded always from this, that the absolute *content* (Inhalt) of philosophy had been realised by Schelling." Now we know that the absolute *form* was the very vitality of Hegel, and that, too, for the *content*, the *matter* itself. Not even the content, then, could Hegel have allowed to be owing by him to Schelling. Michelet is so fixed in his own idea, nevertheless, that, later (p. xix) we find it repeated and, to say so, even in a tone higher. "In the *Differenz*," he says, "Hegel opposes to the system of Fichte (that highest concentration of the Reflexion-Philosophy),

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absolute *Heil* (salvation, redemption), in the objective idealism of the Schellingian system."

We may add here, though only for no more than addition, this, that at p. xii Michelet interjects once, that, whilst Hegel "holds the philosophy set up by Schelling to be the completest (vollendeste) and the last," yet, etc.; and again this, "Hegel, so far, mostly only took for granted the content (Inhalt) of the Schellingian philosophy as the highest."

Now all that, as we see it, does not represent the mind of Hegel as, in these references, it really was to Schelling. Hegel, when, in the *Differenz*, he sought to repay to Schelling some little of the immense debt which, in a personal regard, he owed to him at Jena, was glad to think that there was something he could point to in Schelling as *not* Fichte's, or even as *beyond* Fichte—Hegel, I say, had at that very moment, at least in principle, *all his own* before him. In the record of Hegel's life, then, as well as in his writings of the period, it can scarcely be difficult to find, quite convincingly, a proof of as much. Nay, he must have had, even there and then, all in his mind that he afterwards threw out, so mercilessly, about "*Schematism.*" In a word, we hold that Michelet, here and elsewhere (say in editing the Natur-Philosophie), always, with regard to that "*mother's lap*," gives Schelling a credit that is quite beyond the truth. Indeed, despite all that Schelling really was, Hegel might have been inclined to find his Jena patron at last, with his eager head and his

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adventurous marriage, something too much of a light weight. Had Hegel really taken admiringly to Schelling, one would have almost expected to find not so few letters on his part to Schelling, the rather, too, that Schelling's letters to Hegel show, as one seems to see, quite an empressement of friendship. It is certainly not of friendship that there is any sign on the part of Hegel to Schelling in what the preface to the Phænomenologie tells us. But, on the other side, as has been said, there is even to be found a certain submission on the part of Schelling to a certain authority on the part of Hegel. "I confess that as yet I do not understand thy meaning in that thou opposest the *Begriff* to the *Anschauung:* under the former thou canst not mean anything else than what thou and I named *Idee*, the nature of which precisely is to have a side on which it is Begriff, and another on which it is Anschauung." That (Schelling's Life and Letters, ii. 124) is not much *; but, knowing how the three terms had with Hegel their own so very distinctive senses, one feels tempted to fancy something alluded to in it almost of a consultation and agreement between the two friends, in which, on the whole somehow, it was not so supposable that it was the present maker of the remark, Schelling, who had the whip-hand in the position, as rather that it was the other, Hegel. There can be no doubt that the former highly valued the opinion of the latter. "Thy letter," Schelling writes to Hegel (op.

* Unless what the words themselves imply further.

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cit. i. 481), "has doubly delighted me, because I have been long wishing to hear from thee again;" while on another occasion he has (ii. 110) this: "How altogether delighted I was to get thy letter, it is almost impossible for me to say, nor how much I have grieved to be for so long a time almost wholly without any communication from thee . . . of thy work at last to appear (p. 112), I have been full of intense expectation, what must the result be, if thy very maturity still takes time to itself to mature its fruits! I only wish for thee further the peaceful position and leisure requisite for the completion of such solid and, as it were, timeless works." When this one so solid and timeless work came to hand, was it only a solid and timeless rancour that could follow that so assured and ardent expectation! It was only before the event that he could write such a friend this (ii. 23): "I bring to thy notice, dear friend, a plan, for the realisation of which on the philosophical side I should like to enlist thee (even detached thoughts from thy hand would be welcome) . . . I can offer and assure thee of a considerable honorar." We may recollect, too, how (Fichte's Life and Correspondence, ii. 356), he (Schelling) recommended the "*Differenz*" to Fichte "as a book from a *sehr* vorzüglichen Kopf." We may be able to recall also how Schelling (WW. 1, V. 170) assures the public that Dr Hegel was "an altogether categorical man, who cannot endure the many ceremonies with philosophy, and, only so—straight to the point—has withal appetite."

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And so we cannot but think again of that remorseless rancour, pitiless virulence, that followed such intensity of friendship.

Schelling's Myth-Essay was published in 1793; his first Fichte-Pamphlet in 1794; the second in 1795; certain Journal Articles in 1795-6-7-8; the Ideen, 1797; the Weltseele, 1798; First Sketch of a System of Nature-Philosophy and Sequent Introduction, 1799; Transcendental Idealism and Journal of Speculative Physics (first volume), 1800: and we know that Hegel only began publication, for his part, in 1801—only began too, by the exaltation of Schelling to the very pinnacle of the philosophy in reign—and, further, by reason of these very works! That Hegel, then, came after Schelling, and must have learnt from Schelling is as little to be denied as the sun in the sky at twelve o'clock, noon. But what follows for Hegel, if, on his first publication, at that very moment he possessed, and against Schelling possessed—*his secret?*—a secret that was a secret, and that remained a secret, till, generations later, and not so very long ago neither, it was at last finally told at full! What follows, I mean, as regards its bearing on the question of the "mother's lap"? What follows, in that reference, even for the *Naturphilosophie?* No doubt, looking at the two relative nature-philosophies, Schelling's and Hegel's, one finds at once a likeness: there is largely a very similar nomenclature. Just to see with the eyes is to see also with the mind a determinative

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priority on the part of Schelling. Of course, both can but name, in the first instance, the very same things, and, largely, in the very same order, too. But there must be more than that; and no one can be supposed to deny that there *is* more than that. The work, then, let the one resemble the other externally as it may, may, internally, greatly differ in the one from the other. And that is the truth. Schelling had not the Ego, the native dialectic of the Ego; but Hegel had, and his work is instinct with it, proceeds upon it. There is a Note to that effect at p. 216 of the New Edition of the *Secret of Hegel.**

This will suffice now for the question of the "Mother's Lap," as we have it generally, and not only specially as Michelet has suggested it to us. We return to what we began with, the very first article in the works of Hegel, and our business with it.

4. *Hegel's Earliest Writing.*

The first paragraph in the works of Hegel we have just had before us; and I shall now, for the purpose I have momently in hand, translate the two or three that immediately follow, but passing over the directly next, or second one, for a brief instant.

"The negative procedure of the Aufklärung, whose positive side, in its idle paltering, was without core, has contrived to get one for itself in this way, that it came itself to see its own negativeness, and that it partly freed itself from

* Elsewhere I quote others to remark on the essential difference of the two works.

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shallowness through the sheerness and completeness of the negative, but that it partly, also, just thereby, can have, for positive knowledge, even so again, merely what is empirical and finite, but what is eternal only as something that is away elsewhere, and so, that, for actual knowledge, it is only a vacuum, an endless emptiness (of cognition, knowledge) which can be filled only with the subjectivity of longing and dream. And what used to prove the death of philosophy, that reason, namely, should renounce and resign its right in the Absolute, utterly exclude itself therefrom, and only negatively bear itself thereto, became once for all, now, the highest point of philosophy; and the non-ens of the Aufklärung through consciousness thereover, has got constituted into system.

"Incomplete philosophies, just by being incomplete, immediately presuppose an empirical necessity; and on its account and in its reference it is that the side of their incompleteness gets to be understood. The empirical element, what lies there in the world as common actuality, is, in philosophies of it, present in form of the notion [intellectual standard] as one with consciousness and thereby substantiated. The common subjective principle of the above-named philosophies is partly, not as it were a narrow form of the spirit of a small time, or of a small number: partly the mighty spiritual form which is their principle, has, without doubt, reached in them the completion of its consciousness and of its philosophical development, and so come to be fully enunciated for cognition.

"The great form of the world-spirit, however, which has recognised itself in these philosophies, is the principle of the North and, religiously looked at, of Protestantism;—the subjectivity in which goodness (*Schönheit*) and truth manifest themselves

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in feelings and convictions, in love and understanding. Religion builds in the heart of the individual its temples and altars, and sighs and prayers seek the God whose aspect it denies itself because the danger of the understanding is then present to which a seen form would seem a thing, the grove but trees. The inner must indeed become also outer, purpose reach reality in the act, religious feeling express itself in movement, and faith that flees the actuality of cognition, find objectivity for itself in thoughts, ideas, words. But the understanding straitly separates the objective from the subjective, so that this becomes of no worth, and is nothing; just as the conflict of subjective goodness (*Schönheit*) must find due security for itself against the necessity that makes objective what is subjective. And what goodness so would become real, objective, and where consciousness would seek representation, take bodily form, or move as so fashioned—that must wholly fall aside; for it would be a dangerous superfluity, and might, as made by understanding a something, become an evil: quite as the good feeling (*das schöne Gefühl*) which should become passionless aspection, prove a superstition." *

* Perhaps, on the whole, the Translator is not altogether without virtue at the last here; but what invites remark is "*goodness*" for *Schönheit*. *Schön*, in the dictionary, is *fine, fair, beautiful;* and neither word seems applicable here. The Germans, in fact, use *schön* very peculiarly, without warning. Carlyle translates Göthe's *Schöne Seele* by *Fair Saint*, and not at all badly. The Soul in question was, evidently, a seraph from birth, which had inward traffic afterwards, all through life, only with the most naive and innocent phantasies of purity and piety. Soul-purity, soul-piety, soul-goodness can alone translate Hegel's *Schönheit* as above. "Powerless Beauty hates understanding" (*see* S. of H., p. 417; *Phæn.*, pp. 24, 25). That is the same sort of ideal use of the word and it is quite a common one.

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The fifteen pages of introduction which we have stated to occur before the subject proper of the article itself—Kant, namely, with Jacobi and Fichte—gets entered upon, consist of twenty such paragraphs as the four translated ones; and we pretty well guess how the reader—let him be as accomplished (even Hegelianly) as he may—who for the first time sees them, cannot but find them. The first one of the four, I take it, will offer the least difficulty. The theme is plain, Reason and Faith; and I daresay we are all so much advanced (aufgeklärt) nowadays, that we can without difficulty understand what is meant by the change in the question, especially as illustrated by the reference to Kant. It is, perhaps, not quite so certain, at the same time, that we will *all* agree with Hegel in giving the victory—evidently a somehow modified one—not to Reason, but to Religion, in the contest!

It is now that we shall translate the second paragraph (thus making five of them), in the hope that it will lend us some additional light.

"Reason—which in and for itself had already lost by this, that it took religion only as something positive, and not idealistically—has been able to do nothing better for itself than, after the battle, once for all *see* itself, reach the knowledge of itself, and recognise its own non-ness in this way, that it sets *the better* than itself (inasmuch as it itself is only understanding) as a *further* in a *belief beyond and above itself* (outcome of the philosophies of Kant, Jacobi, and Fichte); and that it once more makes

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itself the handmaid of a *faith*. With Kant the supersensible is incapable of being known by reason: the *supreme* idea is not as well *real*. With Jacobi, 'reason is ashamed to beg, and to dig it has neither hands nor feet': to man it is only given to have the feeling and the consciousness of his ignorance of the truth, simply a presage of the truth in a reason which is merely something on the whole, subjective and instinctive. According to Fichte, God is something inconceivable, and unthinkable: *know*ledge (to *know*, *knowing*) knows nothing but that nothing is known, and must seek refuge in faith. In all of them the absolute, can be, according to the old distinction, as little against as for, reason: it is above reason."

What is here said, in this second paragraph, taken with what has been already seen in the first (comment included), cannot, surely, be allowed to pass without suggesting, to any one who is awake to the time, the single question that may allowably be held, speculatively, at least, largely to dominate it.

The Aufklärung, namely, with its absolute completeness of general information, supported, too, by the full enlightenment of all knowledge of *science*, rigorous, exact *scientific truth*, as it now is, tends to deny—certainly tends sceptically to doubt—every item, every the most momentous and vital particular, of *Religion*—Religion as we have it through "the ages."

Am I wrong in venturing to surmise that this to some extent summarises the central idea of a book that, considering the number of editions it counts, must have given thought, and *a* thought, to not a

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few presently existing readers—this book, namely, "*The Foundations of Belief*," by Mr Balfour?

It is not my purpose here to enter on this mighty theme. My present purpose, rather, is only a very subordinate, a very casual, and, indeed, merely intermistic one. But what I have given in the present reference, concerns surely what Hegel has to say on the one big problem, the foundations of belief; and it may be not out of place, consequently, with philosophical interests before us, to advertise as much: *Reflexions-philosophy*, for Hegel, can only mean, so far, evidently, from all that we have seen, at least *unsatisfactoriness* as concerns the infinite interest, on the part of all these supreme authorities, Kant, Jacobi, Fichte, so far as their philosophies are concerned.

If, then, we have given a true account of the first two paragraphs in name, as regards their *content* (purpose), perhaps we may be, so far, satisfied with *them;* but what of the other three of the five?

Of these, too, the *content*, doubtless, as well as that of all those that follow, must be to the same effect: but what of the *form?* For, though more important interests have, it may be, intervened to be spoken of, it is really the consideration of form that constitutes our main, or rather, indeed, our *sole* aim at present—Hegel's earliest writing.

And by Hegel's earliest writing we mean, not that his earliest writing as to his own self, in Switzerland, say, reported to us by Rosenkranz in his Life of him, or by Haym in his criticism, but his earliest

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writing as actually by his own self published, and actually as so published presented to us now, say, in the first two volumes of his collected works (the two or three essays found in vol. xvi., even that valuable "Scepticism" among them, not being for the special notice at present).

Of his writings in Switzerland, it may not be out of place to mention that I remark on them in my Notes to Schwegler, to the effect, that "they seem constructed for an understanding that moves only in the interior," etc. Rosenkranz, in regard at least to the earliest of these, does not seem to reflect a very different mind. They are, he says, "alternately fluent and light and then again disunited and knotted—at times, to an understanding intelligible even to triviality, then again obscure, mystic, motley, nay sometimes baroque." Of what seems, the very last of them, however, "a full-length critique of positive religion, in a MS. some thirty sheets long," his conclusion is that, "as regards *popular vigour of diction*, this work is the completest that Hegel has written." But that must refer, surely, only to these fragmentary religious notices then and there in Switzerland.

Haym, in regard to the same material, speaks pretty well to the same effect. It was not to "finished and completed forms" that Hegel came in Switzerland, he says; and what handles the material is, "in the rule, a helpless—heavy, iterating, and reiterating, never contented with itself, paraphrase"—a paraphrase, moreover, that owes the

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peculiarity of its aspect to the peculiarity of the mind itself that thinks it. That mind, it appears, is a singular compound and amalgam somehow, at once sentimental and notional, pictorial and logical: there are in it both the Anschauung, the intuition, perception, of the artist and the bare thought, the rigorous Begriff, idea, of the thinker. But, after all, the compound and amalgam are only a would be: there is of them no *blend:* "over masses of *Anschauung,*" says Haym, "there floats a cloud of *Begriffen.*"

This peculiarity of the Hegelian internality, added to that of the respondent externality, will perhaps explain or justify what has been alluded to as relatively said in the Note Hegel to be found in the *Schwegler.* The psychology of Haym in that sort of double reference is very excellent all through this third lecture of his, and, with his gifts and accomplishments of literary genius, the reading is charming.

Be it, however, as it may with these reported closet-studies of Hegel, it is not with the writing in them that we have to do as Hegel's first. For us here Hegel's earliest writing, his first style, shall be that only that is for every eye in the volume or volumes with which the collected works open.

If we except the first two paragraphs of the first volume, it will pretty readily suggest itself now that we call attention to the three other paragraphs as *specimens* of this writing. We mean to say, indeed, that the remaining paragraphs of this special intro-

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duction to the first article in the book, Glauben und Wissen, are verbally and constructively, or as diction generally, not different from the three. Nay, more than that, we wish it to be supposed and just taken for granted, on the whole, that as each of the three is, *so is the volume.*

The reader now, then, can form his own opinion. He may object, to begin with, that it is only a translation he is offered; and to that there can be no reply but that, so far as Hegel is concerned, the translation *may*, in the present regard, possibly prove *more* favourable to him than even his own *original* would.

And, really, one feels that there is no use to dwell here. Who, in all the world, let him be an Hegelian, an utterly accomplished Hegelian, English or German, no matter which, will call that intelligible speech? We know what Aufklärung (the 3rd par. of all) means, what the Aufklärung is. When *we* say *enlightenment*, we never for a moment think of French Infidelity; but there is no German nowadays to whom the word *Aufklärung* is not a *category*—a single general term that sums up in itself and suggests, as a recognised historical movement, eighteenth century enlightenment—as to the truth of the Bible; what at the time was called "exposure," "disillusionment," "opening of the eyes," etc. No doubt a simple category for this is wanted, and would be as useful in English as it is in German. (In a word, *Aufklärung* means eighteenth century *Infidelity.*)

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Well, if one gives oneself time—a good long time, and takes trouble, one comes to guess that Hegel is displeased with this movement so named, and vilipends it as operative of death to philosophy, whose life is in the absolute alone.

The next paragraph (par. 4 of all) is a good deal harder; one never comes to fix for oneself what *is* that "empirical necessity" that is referred to,* and what follows is at once too general and too particular, for all its words of meaning, to be understood, either. The last paragraph *seems* the easiest, and *is*, perhaps, the worst: it is really difficult or impossible to find an articulate meaning of any value in it—gradually, from clause to clause, throughout (and they—these clauses—are sometimes a little simplified with me).

And now the lesson from it all concerns

5. *The Phœnomenologie.*†

Michelet regards this work as "Propædeutik" to the entire relative philosophy, and even as so understood and proposed by Hegel himself, just as these early articles of Michelet's own editing, "implicitly," are but propædeutik to the Phænomenologie itself. Of this work he rightly remarks that it is "a comprehensive example of method"—*method*, in regard to which Schelling, for his part, be it as it may with the *content*, shall only have vacillated through quite "a series of

* Philosophy that leaves *any* "empirical necessity" unexplained *is* incomplete!

† *See* Note to Contents.

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views." It is the immanent evolution of simple consciousness, he also rightly intimates further, that shall constitute this method; and in it the "facts (*Thaten*) of nature and collective history" are said to appear "as so many stages of consciousness." But this—namely, to call the facts, say, of history, "stages of consciousness"—is to bring such matters a little too near the brink. When history appears in the Phænomenologie, no doubt it is welcomed; but an appearance *carptim* is not a one, a whole of constitutive stages, and later writers, absolute Hegelian experts, too, find Hegel's historical references in the Phænomenologie only to come in, as it were, from without into the dialectic, and to be no "*Historisieren*"—of the stages of consciousness. Not that these writers would depreciate the book: no, very far from that. If the philosophy of Hegel has had two presentations, one Logical, to put all on that side under the one word, and the other Phænomenological, then, as with them the tide of speech goes, it would almost seem that the latter—though that is impossible!—is the more important. Rosenkranz, Erdmann, Gabler, Michelet, Bolland, and a whole host of other or later writers—all unite in recognising the Phænomenologie as the very inlet and entrance to Hegel—almost as the key itself rather to the very penetralia and sanctuary of the system. Erdmann's words here are about the briefest, strongest, and straightest to the point: The phænomenologie, to him, namely, is the

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"Criterion whether a man will ever be able duly and truly to judge of Hegel." In a word, he only understands Hegel who has the *cachet* on him of the Phænomenologie! And I am supposed to resist this. If what I say in pages 381-85 of "What *is* Thought?" resists this, then I do resist it. In that regard, in fact, I am just as Hegel himself is: I withdraw the Phænomenologie from its precursory position as part, first part, of the System. "This title," says Hegel (WW., iii. 8), "will, in the second edition, not be again added." Henceforth the very subject is relegated to no more than a dozen pages of the entire Encyclopædie (Edn. Rosenkranz), or to somewhat less of the Propædeutik. The Logic, to Hegel, is the "reine Wissenschaft"; or, again, it is the "Speculative Philosophie." He says (WW., iii. 33) once also in the same connexion:

"In the Phænomenologie I have shown consciousness in its movement onwards, from the first immediate contrariety (antithesis) of itself and its object—onwards even to the absolute knowledge (Wissen). This way proceeds through all the forms of *the relation of consciousness to its object*, and has for its result—the *Begriff der Wissenschaft*. This Begriff, apart from this, that it goes forth, arises (hervorgeht) within the Logic itself," etc.

Can it be possible in any way more strongly to say that the Logic (the second presentation) as in itself a complete statement, is independent of the Phænomenologie? If the end of the Phæ-

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nomenologie is the Begriff, and if that Begriff equally goes forth, arises in the Logic, what need has this latter of that former? And if the latter is the faultlessly complete, faultlessly scientific development of the Begriff? What man will say that the Logic is not the whole that, itself and within itself, develops the Notion? Why, the entire book of Frantz and Hillert, whose one object is, "Hegel's Philosophy in Verbal Extracts," goes through Logic, Nature-Philosophy, Psychology, Philosophy of Law, Philosophy of History, Æsthetic, Philosophy of Religion, and finally Philosophy itself as the highest form of truth, and has never—no, not from beginning to end—a word of the Phænomenologie!*

But in all that I say not one word is to be understood as said against the value of the Phænomenologie of itself and in itself. In that sense the Phænomenologie as the phænomenologie is not only a valuable work, but it is even a wonderful work, a unique work; a work that for philosophy is single and sole in its kind as yet anywhere to be found. And I hope that I have shown not only that I know and value the work, but that I have exemplified as much, even here and there, not without profit.

The thing is this: There is such a thing as the System of Hegel, and the question is, How can we

* Some half a dozen pages extracted from what concerns knowledge of Sense, are the sole evidence of any acquaintance with the Phænomenologie.

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best get to know it? Where is it at fullest, completest, in the most consistently consequential manner—and so most *easily* and *intelligibly*—put? For *Hegel!* surely every simplification that may make easier reading of the writing, or readier understanding of the System—ought to be made welcome! Why, it is to be said and seen that the entire works of Hegel on the whole follow the method and manner of the Logic alone.

It is in this reference that I have begun with these Jena writings in the first volume of the collective works of Hegel. I have, in a word, exposed, in the translated five paragraphs, the difficulty and unsatisfactoriness of Hegel's earliest writing: and to that earliest writing the Phænomenologie—in its painful infacility and crabbed infelicity—very certainly, quite as much belongs as Glauben und Wissen or the Differenz itself.

The practical corollary, then, is, Where should a beginner begin? Not, surely, with what is most difficult, but with what is easiest and most intelligible. And what is that?

That, surely, is not the first untried adventure and attempt, but the second well-thought, well-proved execution and achievement: in a word it is a conclusion and a close, and not the unbegun that only *would* begin; it is logical, and not simply phenomenological. Haym is a man of genius, and in all accomplishments, he is literary. I shall quote a word or two of his on the Logic; and whatever his value as to the *matter*, no one can

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for a single moment take exception to his judgment of the *form*.

"Here," he says, and the italics are his own, "here are *a new idea of the business of philosophical statement and a new sense for literary form*. Hegel had only laboriously learned to work up his thoughts into intelligibleness for others. The Phænomenologie—described as *first part of the system*—could only leave behind it apprehensions as to whether that which was merely introduced by it, would be, in any way, even simply accessible. . . . We would have to read, as a second part to the Phænomenologie, the whole Hegelian philosophy, and that, too, just in as obscure, heavy, and strained a vernacular as that which characterises the first.

"(The crabbed opacity of the Frankfort Sketch has been made obvious to us by the most telling words, and the grateful change of the Logic to perspicuity and symmetry, to aids and assistances of all kinds, has been by the same means made equally plain, S. of H. 650.) The very keenest eye is hardly in a position (concerns the early writing of the Frankfort Sketch) now to discern, in the atmosphere of the pure thought, any one single speck of life, and now again the thought is scarcely in a position to find any way for itself through the motley, thick-lying, scattered structures. Not at any time surely, neither before nor after Hegel, has a man ever again so spoken or written. A diction, sometimes more abstract than that of Aristotle, sometimes darker than that of Jacob Böhme—such is the hard and thorny shell out of which we must pluck the still crude nucleus of the Hegelian world-idea. . . . The Phænomenologie is *a psychology put to confusion and disorder*

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by history, and a history laid in ruins by psychology. —In long procession there appear, before the throne of the absolute, historical figures tricked out into psychological spectres, and again, in turn, psychological potences in the guise of historical personalities.—Es ist in die Phænomenologie so viel hineingeheimnisst, wie in den Zweiten theil des Faust (into the Phænomenologie there is as much in and in secreted, as into the second part of Faust). . . . A ripe discipline of thought, a substantial inner development lay in the middle between the two works. When Hegel undertook now the production of a Logic, it was for him from quite other points of view, with many other aims and objects, and as in himself master of an infinitely richer material than was possibly his in the beginning of his philosophical career. Hence the numerous differences of the two redactions in particulars, and of determinative decision in principles. . . . The scholastic form which in the Phænomenologie was concealed by the poetic treatment of the various stages of consciousness and by the opaque figurativeness of the expression, comes in the Logic designedly to the front. All the affectation, all the *precieuse* and stiltedness have disappeared from the style of the Logic. The purpose is: there shall be speech this time as plain and as grammatically school-simple as is only possible. . . . It is no small praise for the Logic at last that the didactic and literary skill of its author has proved itself not less than equal to the philosophical and artistic plan of the whole. The master-builder has understood how, just by this to make his house true to its purpose that he made it *schön*. His didactic art goes hand in hand with his architectural. It is not least on this account that the Logic is intelligible—namely,

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that its articulation, both in whole and in detail, evinces the greatest regularity and symmetry. . . . The Encyclopædie offers us a new interest by its *fixing*, from this time out, *the changed significance of the Phænomenologie* (italicised so). The Phænomenologie, in a word, realises not for itself again, in the Encyclopædie as published, the place which it had already been obliged to put up with the loss of in the jottings of the Propædeutik. It loses now for ever not only its place as introductive, but not less, its designation as First Part of the System. . . . How this change must naturally take place, is clear. To demonstrate the standpoint of absolute cognition in the spirit of the system *before* the System could only so long be a want as this System; the sole sufficient and complete proof of said standpoint, was not already in its totality made actual. The same reason which at first necessarily led to the assumption of the entire wealth of the absolute spirit into the Phænomenologie—the same reason must now of necessity put an end to the introductory rôle of the Phænomenologie, and by consequence withdraw from it all the material with which initially the doctrine of consciousness had been lined and padded out. The Phænomenologie could no longer bear itself as preliminary, general, collective representation, and just as little as First Part, of the System. . . . He prepares repeatedly, moreover, in the Logic (ii. 158; iii. 272) for the disappearance (or for the transference) of the Phænomenologie into the rank of a psychological chapter" (299, 94, 243-4, 293, 300-1, 338, 340).

Haym might have added, as regards all that material which he refers to as withdrawn from

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the Phænomenologie, that neither was it lost, but rather that, in a much truer, fuller, riper, and exacter form, it offered the advantage of much greater enjoyment and ease of intelligence in all that in the various departments on the Logic side, step by step, followed.

In the seventeenth volume of the "Works" there are deliverances of Hegel himself,—in formal reply to official consultation on the part of Niethammer, Government, and the Ministry of Education,—which are not to be forgotten. Taken together, Hegel's replies, on the subject of philosophy in universities, to the Kœnigl-Preussischen Regierungsrath and Professor F. von Hammer, and on that of the teaching of philosophy in Gymnasia, to the Ministry of Education, occupy no less than thirty pages. The subjects mentioned are Logic, Philosophy of Nature, Philosophy of Mind, Morals, Natural Theology, History of Philosophy, Empirical Psychology, Ontology, one or two others the like, but never a word of Phænomenologie. The dates, too, are significant; for the one is 1816 and the other as late as 1823. Not but that Niethammer's date of October 23, 1812, may offer points of view not less significant when put in connection with what is then said of the various subjects; but these generally being such as are already named, it will suffice to say no more here than this: The entire letter runs to sixteen pages, and in it as a whole the Phænomenologie may have—less than four lines!—in which,

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too, as actual matter of study, only the three psychological subjects of Consciousness, Self-Consciousness, and Reason are prescribed.

Of course it is an easy objection to any appeal of mine to Haym at this time that at any other time I have opposed to him a negative; still, also, and just at that other time, I have not been slack to ascribe to him the same affirmative which I doubt not to be his here: and, I do think, no one will deny or resist this affirmative in its present application—no one who is at all *à pied* on the business itself.

That being: it is plain, without more words, how it is situated with the Phænomenologie on the one side, and with the Logic on the other.

The thing, as I say is this, how advise the beginner to begin?

Let him begin with the Propædeutik; let him proceed to the various prefaces and introductions—say of the Philosophy of History, of the Æsthetick, of the Philosophy of Religion, of the Philosophy of Law, of the Logic, and (especially) of the Encyclopædie: thence let him go to the History of Philosophy, *but* passing over prefaces and introductions there—for the nonce. He will then be in a condition to wander where he will. *But he must not expect yet to find all easy.*

Haym, at much greater length than I have shown, has done his best to establish the immeasurable superiority of the Logic to the Phænomenologie in style, writing, in a thousand expedients of

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help—*bref*, in an achievement that is at last called "*schön*"!

For all that, Hegel's writing is Hegel's writing—the conceivable groups of readers over it are as the climbers on the Alpine snows: some, tremblingly, are giving themselves *appui* to a stand, some are at pause before a crevasse, some, axe in hand, are cutting steps in an ice-bar, and some with broken rope-fragments are grasping at the snow, while others are gliding precipitately down a couloir.

I have contented myself in this matter with general views, and have not, as it were, nigglingly, with particular after particular, studied to find fault. It would have been easy, for example, to doubt whether any one would not have found himself at once occluded by Hegel's very beginning in the Phænomenologie. For, I fancy, no one will easily convince himself of the truth of the universal that is only so scrimply and barely wrung out from the "*here*" and the "*now*." To that, however, the full stop in the first word of the Logic is too dangerously near: "Pure Being and Pure Nothing is therefore the same!" For, abstract as one may into *Being*, and abstract as one may into *Nothing*, no one will ever convincingly satisfy himself that the one (mere) abstraction, Being, is the same as the other (mere) abstraction, Nothing. It suited Hegel to realise *collapse* into *Unity* of the directly *self-opposed Two*: but what of us? That clump of matter in Time and Space, which we call Nature, is to us, with

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suppression of every name, *Being. With suppression of that, too,* it is also *Nothing.* But, even *by reason* of that suppression, these—Being and Nothing—are not the same—always and for ever, rather they are the two self-opposing *differents.*

An objection more in place would be to point out that it is largely, perhaps, to the example of the Phænomenologie that we owe even these peculiarities of opacity in the general writing of Hegel that, at least to the bulk of readers, seem to be both crucial and critical. It is quite true that there are those "*widerhaarige*"—these so utterly repellent modes of speech—those "dark and infinitely interpretable oracle-expressions," which, in the midst of that merely stunning "*Geklapper*" of unlocateable abstraction, reduce even the very best-prepared brothers of the trade itself to agonies of effort that can only end in despair. Now it is the Phænomenologie that is the very breeding and feeding ground of all that.

And yet it is just in all that that we have—*Hegel:* the man who, simply in the *truth of reason*—simply in *reason*—is without his peer till we go back to Aristotle! And, for the *new* light, the *new* guidance, it is plainly prescriptive that it is to Hegel we must look.

Further, now, we seem to see in Hegel himself reflections, not without their place in determining the subordination of the Phænomenologie. At p. 7, vol. iii. of his works, he formally discusses the new principles which he will be found to have applied

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to Logic. They give rise, he says, to "the absolute method of cognition," and that method consists in "the immanent development of the Notion." This immanent development, again, only means that the exposition concerned is the result of a dialectical movement of the Notion itself, or *within* itself. "I maintain," he says, "that only on this self-construing method is philosophy capable of becoming objective, demonstrated science. I have, in the Phænomenologie, attempted, in this wise, to explicate consciousness. Consciousness is Spirit, Mind, as concrete cognition, and that, too, *as externally applied.*" We have no difficulty in recognising as much, for we remember that the very first step in the Phænomenologie is "*sense*-certainty." We have here, then, even so far, and as Hegel himself puts it, two things in contrast. Logic on the one side and the Phænomenologie on the other. Each, so far, exemplifies this same self-construing method. But there is a great difference in the application. The application in Logic to Logic is entire: it is to the Geist as Geist. The application in the Phænomenologie to consciousness as consciousness is only partial: it is to the Geist only as *erscheinende* Geist. The former, too, is evidently internal; while the latter is expressly external—only to *sense*, that is, on its first or lowest stage. Even if, then, Hegel had, in the first instance, intended the Phænomenologie to be, just in its own self, a finished, completed, entire philosophy, he must have, now, in the second instance, reflected that it could not

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any longer be granted to hold any such essential and all-comprehending position. It must consent now to come down and be subordinated into a mere part.

Consideration of the whole passage in reference will only the more and the more strengthen our suggestion of such and such "reflections."

Then—

What directly follows all this is the express, formal announcement that henceforth, and for the future, the Phænomenologie is to be *withdrawn* from its position as "*first part of the System of Science*"!

This is plain: to begin as the Logic begins is to begin with, and proceed on, that single proper and peculiar, essential principle, the dialectic of which yields and forms the Categories: and it is the Categories that are "the pure essentities" (spoken of ibidem) "constitutive of the content of Logic." Whereas neither the beginning, nor all that follows, in the Phænomenologie, can be characterised in anything like the same pure, essential, integrating fashion.

But one could not well think of the beginning of the Phænomenologie without thinking of its content and milieu as well; and so to think was to think also of what deficiencies might be altered and of what excellences might not be allowed to be lost. Hence what we see: the Phænomenologie laid aside by itself as no longer an entire Part *of*, but only an inconsiderable Section *in* the

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System: not, however, on the whole, that one single excellence is lost. The Logic itself meets that; and not substantially alone, but even in instances. I observe, for example, that at the end, p. 126, of the chapter on "*Kraft und Verstand, Erscheinung und übersinnliche Welt*," I have pencilled, "All repeated in the *Logik*." For let there be what defects there may, illustratively or even materially, in the Phænomenologie, still it is pregnant with that peculiar psychological *in and in* that is so specially Hegel's, and there at its freshest: it was a master that wrote it; nor is he much less than a master that can read it. It does not follow, however, that it is an A B C to begin with.

But, be it as it may with Hegel's earlier writing, it must still be said that, in his later, it is really impossible to see that any one to whom it is at all given to judge of writing, can for a moment fail to admire the choice, felicitous exactitude, the true, right community, of expression and thought which so wonderfully characterise it.* Word and thing are there one. And never was a thing with such originality and living newness of suggestion, such admirable largeness of comprehensive penetration and force, seen into, as literally never could it be better or more successfully named. No reader that has an eye need read more in irresistible proof of all this than the very beginning of the *Logik*, say, "*Allgemeiner Begriff der Logik*." Almost one might

* *See* Note to Contents.

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say, with absolute accuracy, that all there, whether in word or in thing, was, simply, purely, fully, *punctuated perfection!* The English is not convertible with the German; but, if not for more than the face of proof, we venture to translate from this beginning a passage or two:—

"The notion of Logic hitherto rests on the presupposed separatedness of the *matter* and the *form* of knowledge, of truth and the cognition of it. It is assumed that the *what* that is to be known is a ready-made world, apart from, outside of thought, independently existent; that thought by itself is blank, that as a form it subjects itself externally *to* the matter, fills itself therewith, and only so gets a content for itself, and becomes thereby a reality known. These two component parts of knowledge—(for it is the relation of component parts that is given them, and knowledge gets put together out of them only mechanical-wise or at highest chemical-wise)—these two component parts, I say, rank together in this way, that the matter is a complete ready-made object from the first, perfectly without call to thought for its reality; whereas thought, on the other hand, is something defective and deficient that, for its realisation, stands in need of a material or matter, and must, as mere yielding indefinite form, adjust itself thereto. Truth is the agreement of thought with its object, and to bring about this agreement—for it is not of itself fact—thought shall fit and suit itself to its object. Or thought and object, form and matter, not left in this misty indeterminateness of difference, but this difference being more definitely taken, each shall be apart from the other, a sphere of its own. Thought, accordingly, in its receiving and forming of the

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matter, never gets out of its own self; its receiving and fitting of itself to it, remains a modification of *itself;* it never gets to its *other* thereby; and the self-cognised state of affection present belongs moreover only to *it;* it comes, therefore, even in its relation to the object, not out of itself, out *to* the object—this remains, as a thing in itself, absolutely a beyond of thought. . . .

"The older Metaphysic had, in this reference, a higher idea of thought than has become current of late. The assumption was to it fundamental, namely, that what of and in things comes to be known through thought—that that alone is the genuinely true in them; consequently, that not they themselves in their immediacy are true, but they as first raised into the form of thought, as things *thought.* This Metaphysic, accordingly, held that thought and the determinations of thought are not a something alien to the objects, but rather their very essence, or that *things* and the *thinking* of them—how language itself declares their affinity! —in themselves agree, that thought in its immanent determination and the veritable nature of things are one and the same content.

"But the *reflecting* understanding usurped the lead in philosophy. And it ought to be known what this expression—a key-phrase in other references not unconsciously in use—what it exactly meant: there is to be understood by it the abstracting and so separating understanding, that adheres to its separations. So far as it has any reference to reason, it bears itself as *common understanding* and makes good its opinion that truth rests on the reality of *sense,* that thoughts are *only thoughts,* meaning that only perception of sense gives them substantiality and reality; that reason, so far as it is left to its self, originates no more than fantasies of its own. In this relinquish-

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ment of its own self, on the part of reason, the idea of truth is lost; reason, namely, has become reduced to this, that it knows only subjective truth, only what seems—only Erscheinung, appearance, only something to which the nature of the thing itself has no relation; *knowledge* has fallen to *opinion*. . . .

"So then, here, knowledge, perception, has from the unsatisfyingness of the determinations of the understanding, fled for refuge to sensible existence, imagining to have in it the firm and fixed and sole reality. But then again, as this is a cognition that knows itself to be only a cognition of appearance, its incompetence is confessed—even presupposed indeed, as though there were positive knowledge, not of the things, in themselves, truly, but still of things within the sphere of appearance (Erscheinung); as though, with all, so to speak, only the *sorts of the objects* were different, and the one sort, the things in themselves, namely, did to be sure not, but the other kind, the appearances, certainly did—fall into cognition. As though there were correct knowledge allowed a man, but with the intimation added that, all the same, he could see, not truth, but only untruth. Absurd as this would be, equally absurd were a *true* cognition that perceived not the object as it is in itself. . . .

"The more consequently carried out transcendental Idealism has recognised the nullity of the spectre still left standing by the Critical Philosophy, *The Thing-in-itself*, this abstract shade that has bid adieu to every particle of constituent content whatever—has recognised, I say, this nullity and been minded completely to destroy it. This philosophy even made a beginning with reason—reason alone—in development of its principles out of its own self [Fichte]. But the subjective manner of this attempt suffered it not to come to the completion. In the

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sequel this manner was given up and with it also said beginning and the realisation of a *Pure Cognition* [Schelling].

"A substantial material basis is supposed to be required for it (Logic) from without. But logical reason itself is the *Substantielle* or *Reelle* that embraces within itself all the abstract elements, and is their coherent substantive, absolutely concrete unity. What, then, uses to be named *a matter* needs not to be far to seek; it is not the fault of the object of Logic if it is to be supposed substanceless, but only of the way in which it is understood" (28, 29, 31, 32, 33).

This—while I hope it fulfils the intention of its quotation, as concerns, namely, Hegel's power at once of seeing and saying—is at least suggestive in the special discussion precisely here in the immediate reference to the Phænomenologie. In resumption, we may be reminded that if the Phænomenologie ends in the notions of Wissen and Wissenschaft, it is the Logik that is authoritatively pronounced to *be* the pure Wissen and the pure Wissenschaft—even a purer *Wissen* and a purer *Wissenschaft*—nor any longer, like the other, only preparatory and provisional, but now at length final, a thing in itself, finished, complete, full, absolutely independent of anything whatever before it, after it, or in any way beside it. Why, Logic is declared to be—if not exactly here, then elsewhere—and always in effect, the "*reine Wissenschaft*," nay, as, under its name and designation, proper and specific, even the "*speculative Philosophie*"—to what end, then, this unnecessary, and encumbering, and stumbling, and

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obstructing, and mystifying *preliminary?* Consciousness! Why, even here Wahrheit, pure truth, which we are given to understand the Logic *to be*, is characterised as "the pure self-evolving self-consciousness"; and this is followed by, so to speak, an absolute absolutifying of the Logic as alone the *principiell* ground every way. Nay, the Logic, he tells us (p. 35) is to be understood as the system of pure reason, as the realm of pure thought—as God: "*This realm is the Truth as it is without or veil or hull—absolute; and so it may be said that this is the Darstellung Gottes, the Expression of God as He is in His eternal Essence before the creation of Nature and a finite Soul*" (italicised so)!

Or, speaking with less extravagance, and still of Logic—of Logic alone, and not possibly of anything only Phænomenologic—we have from him (p. 63) this:—

"The beginning must be an *absolute*, or what is here synonymous, an abstract, beginning; and so it can *presuppose nothing*, must be mediated by nothing, nor have a ground; it shall be itself rather ground of the entire science."—*Ego!*

There is not a word here—no, nor a thought—of any thing being necessary to *mediate* Logic, to be *presupposed* for Logic. And still farther away, with Logic alone, and with never a warning of "*consciousness*," is what immediately follows that Darstellung Gottes:—

"Anaxagoras is applauded as the man who first

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spoke the thought, that *νοῦς, Thinking,* is to be named as the principle of the world, as the innermost being of the world. He has thereby laid the ground for an intellectual intuition of the universe, whose pure form must be *Logic.*"

Then this, again: if it only needs a scratch to expose the Tartar under the warranted Gaul, what more is required here, page after page, than just a touch to lay bare the one secret, the single secret of Hegel that lies in the Ego, say, even in the Ego of Fichte? Of course, as such, the revelation of this lies elsewhere; but there are points indicative, so far, even here.

"As Science, the Truth is the pure self-developing self-consciousness, and has the form of the Self, that *the in and for itself Beënt is known notion, but that the Begriff as such is the in and for itself Beënt.* This objective thinking then, is the *content* of pure science; and this pure science, therefore, is so little *formell,* is so little in want of the *matter* for an actual and true cognition that its content, rather, is alone the absolute truth, or if we would still use the word matter, the true matter,—a matter, however, to which the form is not something merely external, inasmuch as this matter rather is pure thought, and consequently the absolute form itself (35).—The absolutely pure *infinite form* is enunciated as *Self-Consciousness, Ego* (italicised so; WW. xv. 621).—Kant made the deep observation that concerned à priori *synthetic* principles, and recognised the unity of self-consciousness as their root—recognised, that is, the identity of the Notion (Begriff) with itself: the deduction, then, should of necessity have been the demonstration of the transition of said

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simple unity of self-consciousness into these, its characteristic forms and differences (Lk. iii. 282).—The Categories demonstrate themselves to be nothing else than the series of the evolution-forms of the Notion (Phil. of Rel. ii. 433).—Cognition of the *Infinite Form, i.e.* of the *Begriff* (Lk. i. 54).—Kant's main thought (Hauptgedanke) is to vindicate the *categories* for self-consciousness as the *subjective Ego* (53).—In the apprehending of the opposites in their unity or of the Positive in the Negative—in that consists the *Speculative* (44).—That by which the Begriff leads itself further is the *Negative* that it has in itself (43).—This, of the Categories, is their inner *Negativity*, their self-moving soul, the principle of all natural and spiritual life" (44).

As intimated, all that concerns Categories, the Infinite Form, the Notion, Ego, etc., has been on our part matter of exhaustive demonstration elsewhere; and, as, so evidently largely occurrent in the Text under view, is used now rather only by way of a reminder of proof; but it ought not to escape notice that the Ego, alone by itself, is pretty well the key to it all. When it is said, for example, that Hegel's one principle is *Inner Negativity*, what is it that is meant thereby but *that one thing* in all the world, that entity of entities, which is at once, in a single concrete, a single inseparable, self-coherent life, Difference in Identity and Identity in Difference—Ego.

At the same time it is to be said that even in the Text before us there is a certain use, not so much perhaps of this "*Negativity*," say, as simply of *negation—negation* itself: a use which, as I incline

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to think, has to some extent misled, it may be, even the very best and most competent of students. Schwegler, for example, of whom I need not say here what I have said again and again of him elsewhere, has, as quoted in *The Secret of Hegel* at p. 607, this:—

"The lever for the development is the dialectic method that advances by negation from one notion to another. Negation is the vehicle of the dialectic march. Every previously established notion is negated, and out of its negation a higher, richer notion is won. This method, which is at once analytic and synthetic, Hegel has carried out throughout the whole system of the Science."

Gabler, too, generally regarded as about *the* student of the *Phænomenologie*, can, in some of his earliest sections, be quoted to a similar effect:—

"From one stage or form of concrete consciousness, there is an advance further, because it has manifested itself as a knowledge or knowing that self-sublates, or self-contradicts its own self, and accordingly does itself negate assumption and presupposition of the truth: this constitutes the *Negative* side of the progression. Directly, however, from this negative result, there comes up a new form of consciousness, to which now the course of the consideration turns, or, rather, has already risen: and in this consists the *Positive* of the movement.—Each transition exhibits this negative and positive side.—This movement of consciousness has these three moments: 1. Immediate certainty—the immediate existence of the object; 2. Negation of the certainty—the non-ness or otherwiseness of

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the object; 3. Return to the first unity of certainty: (1) something is so; (2) no, it is not so; (3) but yes, it is so."

Now there is no denying that this is the currently usual manner of naming or explaining the dialectic of Hegel; and quite as little is there any denying of the equally usual supposition that it is Hegel's own. And not, surely, without the possibility of allegation in proof. The early pages of the larger *Logik*, for example—already, as it were, a Text before us—offer us at once perhaps the very best version of any such possibility—as quotation (say from p. 41) may show:—

"*In order to win the scientific progression* and its quite *simple* cognition, *all* that essentially we have to strive to is—the recognition of the logical *dictum* that the negative is equally positive, or that the self-contradictory passes not into nullity, into abstract nothing, but, essentially, only into the the negation of its *particular* content, or that such a negation is not all negation, but *the negation of the particular thing concerned*, and consequently it is a particular negation; that therefore in the result there is essentially contained that from which it is the result."

Other expressions in regard to the negative here are these:—

"Each form, in realising itself, at the same time resolves itself, has its own negation for result—and passes therewith into a higher form.—In that the resultant, the negation, is a *particular* negation, it has a *content*. It is a new but higher, richer

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notion than the preceding one; for it has become richer by its negation or contradictory; contains it therefore, but also more than it, and is the unity of it and its contradictory."

These quotations will be found to be at once full and exact. Compared with those of Schwegler and Gabler in the same dialectic reference, they will appear, I doubt not, not different. Still they *are* different. In Hegel the negative is a negative *secundum quid:* in Schwegler and Gabler it is a negative *simpliciter.* That is, the difference between the two negatives is that the one is a qualified negative, and the other an unqualified negative, a sheer negative, a negative "*sans phrase.*" But the latter cuts out the very purpose of the former, and leaves with us, instead of a rationale vital and internal, only a process mechanical and external. If *A* is negated simpliciter to get a *B* and *B* is negated simpliciter to get a *C,* what possibility can there be of community between them? Each is itself, but only a self-same itself, an abstract itself; and transition, movement, there can be none. A qualified negative has already an *Inhalt,* a content, and so already within itself an *other.* Hegel himself, as we see, accentuates this, that the negation has an *Inhalt,* a content. And an *Inhalt,* a content, is not out of place here; for Hegel had himself an *Inhalt,* a content; even in what—as quoted, he spoke, he actually had an *Inhalt,* a content. He knew his own thoughts. But neither Schwegler nor Gabler knew them for him. He knew what he

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hid; while they, for their parts, knew of it nothing. Of any double in *their* consciousness, *they* were guiltless. With such words and such authority before them, the *simpliciter* of the negative was—for them—simply involuntary. But Hegel, for his part, however much it suited him to put such a colour on his dialectic, and so to make, as it were, even externally prominent the negative it involved, and necessarily involved, could not, in the teeth of the truth within him, have either any thought or any will for more than a negative *secundum quid*.

Now what was this truth within him?

I submit that it was this: In place, namely, of this supereminent or superprominent negative that led, as we have seen, to a merely external and mechanical process in explanation of the dialectic of Hegel, I submit that there is only one true explanation:—Reference to the unity of a single living pulse, the actual pulse of actual living thought, the Notion, as suggested by Kant, as further developed by Fichte, but by a dialectic that, unfortunately for him, as well as for Schelling, was only external—in a word the Ego, really Fichte's Ego, but raised by Hegel into the concrete Ego which, left unnamed by him, and hid from others, was to him alone of all mankind the Secret that developed the Categories and so the whole. In our last extracts, just see the ever-present Ego!

Yes, that was his Secret, and it was already, in the main lines of it, complete within him when, from Frankfort, a humble family-tutor, he wrote—

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adroitly wrote, with Bamberg in his mouth, but Jena in his eye—to his now powerful friend, the illustrious philosopher, the famous Professor Schelling, and received in return the generous call that *made him!* That was his secret, and he carried it with him from Frankfort, through Jena, Bamberg, Nürnberg, Heidelberg, on to Berlin; and there it remained with him to the last—in a silence impenetrable, an adamantine concealment. Just to think of all that length of time, and of all these circumstances—nay, just to think of him at Jena only—just to think of that reticent jaw of his all the time there that—with his own thoughts, and his own opinion of the man—he worked for Schelling! And there is no relenting even in his written books—how grim must not that remorseless jaw of his have come down on the poor friend whose "absolute" was only the "night in which, as we say, all cows are black!" No wonder that there was in Schelling a lifelong rancour! It was absolutely his own act, that one little word that, impressed only a *negative* on his dialectic! No doubt it could be said—no doubt the negative was indispensable, for how could one category be derived from another without a negative—how, without a negative, could there be *two* in the principle itself—the one was not the *other!* And so, with infinite *sang froid*, he could perorate—endlessly discourse and perorate—on a negative *secundum quid* that he could not but foresee—with a chuckle foresee—would, in other hands, become

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a negative *simpliciter*, to lure and divert from that pease-weep's nest of his, the possible passenger! Why, he had already in his hands a proof. We have seen what Gabler made of the negative; and Hegel saw it: he acknowledges receipt of his relative book, and profusely thanks him therefor. Nor was Gabler without his reward: he got Hegel's Chair! *

But there is no occasion to refer to others; what we have in Hegel himself is of sufficient quality in itself quite generally to mislead into a simple negative as constituting the lever of the Hegelian dialectic. What, in fact, are we to see in that one essential point of view to which we are directed by Hegel himself (6, 7, *seq.*)—namely, that what is concerned is a new idea of "scientific treatment generally (ein neuer Begriff wissenschaftlicher Behandlung überhaupt)"—in a word, the immanent Entwickelung des Begriffes? "Only so, I maintain," he says, "is philosophy capable of being, objective demonstrated science"—that is "the absolute method des Erkennens (cognition)." If when so far, he had stopped and only added one word—*Ego*—Begriff is Ego, he would have at once flashed the whole matter into the general consciousness—saved himself thereby the infinite trouble of actually volume upon volume of a hopeless

* Gabler's book, further on, and as a whole, may be quite, Hegelianly, unexceptionable; still the point remains as Schwegler has it—that that negative of Hegel's was taken quite generally *simpliciter*, Gabler's quoted text is precise enough.

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dialectic—and others? — What would he have saved others—*Lifetimes of Struggle!*

But he adds no such word—he goes off to distances unimaginable, and summons to his side all manner of new potences—or say all manner of the oldest, mightiest potences—Understanding, Reason itself, nay, *Geist!* but in new and magical rôles. We quote:—

"The *understanding* determines, and holds the determinations fast; *Reason* is negative and *dialectical*, because it breaks up the determinations of the understanding into nothing; it is *positive*, because it gives birth to the *universal*, and holds in it as well the particular. In the same way as understanding is regarded as something separate from reason, so, too, is dialectical reason to be taken as something separate from positive reason. But in its truth reason is *Geist*, which, higher than both, is reason that understands, or an understanding that reasons. That Geist is the negative, that which constitutes the quality as well of dialectical reason as of understanding;—it negates what is as *simply one*, and thus sets the determinate difference of the understanding, it equally breaks it up, and so then is dialectical. It remains not, however, in the nothing of this result, but is in it equally positive, and so has restored therewith the first *simple one*, but *as a universal* that is within itself concrete; under this is not subsumed a given particular, but in said determining and in the resolution of it the particular has already at the same time determined itself (7).—Philosophy, if it would be science, cannot borrow its method from a subordinate science, as mathematic is, just as little as content itself with categorical assurances

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of inner intuition, or with *raisonnements* from grounds of external reflection. But it can only be the *Nature of the Content* itself which *moves* in scientific cognition, in that, at the same time, this *own proper Reflexion* of the Content it is which itself first *sets* and *makes its* determination (6). —This geistige (spiritual) movement which gives itself in its simple oneness its determinateness, as in this latter, again, it gives itself equality with itself, and is so the immanent development of the Notion—is the absolute method of knowledge (cognition), and at the same time the immanent soul of the content itself" (7).

Now, would any one after all these wonders—this absolute new method in which the *Inhalt*, the thing itself, was, by its own movement of its own self, to evolve and develop all—would or could any one get sight of any other conclusion than this: That no one, with, as he said, Mangel an Vorarbeitern, absence of foreworkers, and even after a vieljährigen Arbeit, a many-yeared labour, as he also said, could of himself and in himself, come to this new, hitherto unknown, and unexampled machinery! Without premises the thing was impossible, were the man a giant, but still a man! Ah, yes. Hegel had premises; Kant and Fichte were still before him; and all that he did—at least for his own start—was to *see* into the Ego of Kant and Fichte *its* life, its own movement, its own immanent intellectual dialectic!

But to *see* this was his own—it involved a stride that took the world, even the creation of the world,

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in—and he would keep it to himself. *Kudos!* what could be more extraordinary and wonderful in its reach than such a *"fetch"* as that? It was no use to speak of Schelling—but it was precisely that which Kant, which even Fichte, with all his neighbourhood to it, had missed.* Hegel would keep it all to his own self in absolute silence; and, in absolute silence, he would work it all out for himself!

That was a grim silence—*that*, years and years long, was a grim labour in the dark. Hegel would be himself—Hegel would be—among them all—himself! Christian Kapp was it, that could speak *only* of Napoleon *and*—Hegel?

Napoleon might have been sparing of his confidence, reserved, reticent, concealed; but Napoleon could never have been more sparing of his confidence, never more reserved, reticent, concealed, than Hegel was. Just look to this—and it is said at p. 14 of the Phænomenologie:—

"The living *Substance* is that Existency which is in truth *Subject*, or—what is to say the same thing—which is in truth actual, real, only in so far as it is the movement of the setting (constituting) of its own self (des Sichselbstsetzens), or the mediating with its own self of the Self-becoming other to its own self (des Sichanderswerdens). It is as Subject the pure *unal Negativität*, even thereby the going into two, into duality, of the unality, or the

* What even they had of it, Schelling *deviated* from, turned his back on, to find his distinction in the *Naturphilosophie* (*see* S. of H., p. 216, *n.*).

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contraposing Verdoppelung (*endoublement*) which is again the negation of this equipollent dif-ferenceness and its contraposingness: only this *restoring* of equality to itself or the reflexion in the otherwiseness into itself—not an *original* [primarily existent] unity as such, or *immediate* [spontaneous] as such, is what is True. It is the becoming of its own self, the circle which presupposes its end as at once its aim and its beginning, and only through that, its constituting process and its end, is actual and real"—(Ego, I-Me)!

That paragraph—and he has a thousand the like—only exhibits the difficulties which Hegel is put to in order to find expressions that shall convey the Ego in its own natural dialectic movement, and yet conceal and secrete it into the guise of an independent new logical movement in philosophy!

Hegel, alone of all mankind, shall demonstrate the creation of the universe by the immanent evolution of the Categories and *their* externalisation into Nature: the glory of this he will share with no man! For, if he does at times *name* Ego, he still keeps it for all that *to* himself!

It is really extraordinary—did he actually suppose that he would never be found out?

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CHAPTER III

CATEGORIES AND PHYSICS

WHAT the matter has come to in my hands, then, is: The principle of the Ego; Evolved into the Categories; which, complete, are Externalised into Nature.

The Categories are the first brood-thoughts: they pervade nature and are constitutive of it. It is only since Kant, and through him (with those after him) that they have come to this reach. Here, however, we take them up simply as they are in the hands of Hegel; who, says Schwegler, "sought, 1, completely to collect them; 2, critically test them; 3, dialectically develop them, the one from the other, into an internally articulated system of pure reason." Schwegler cannot be said to have specially chosen the word "sought"; but in so new and rare a matter it is, surely, somewhat unlikely that Hegel shall have done more than *seek*. His feat may well be admirable; but at that period—ay, at this period—such a consummation were in the first instance conceivably possible to no man. This shadows out

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an inquest into these Hegelian categories in their turn, precisely such as Schwegler claims for Hegel himself into Categories at all. We have in this direction the advantage, too, at present of a new test in judgment. Hegel does not grudge to tell us often enough of his dialectic; but he never speaks of it like Fichte, as a simple evolution of the Ego. We, then—should we by mediation of the Ego's own dialectic internality (in place of Fichte's externality of *Limit*) evolve the Categories—we, then, I say, might apply our own feat in test of the feat of Hegel. Ah, that were a feat comparable only to the feat itself of Hegel himself. That feat took a lifetime. With all that has been suggested, or even all that has been realised, the happy man who in these days can promise himself such a lifetime is, we may be apt to fear, still to seek. It is to be considered here, indeed, that, even to do no more than take up the Categories of Hegel and examine them, in a usual way, and just as we are—that, if complete, and full, and thorough, would be tantamount to an expository and critical repetition of — with few exceptions — the whole twenty or twenty-one volumes! Nay, more: would not that be tantamount to a necessity, or, at least, a demand, for an open-eyed and an open-handed translation of not less than every one volume of the whole twenty-one? The least of all that, plainly, is no affair of the moment: still—leaving Physics to a section 2 here—it may be in place, and prove useful, to take up, for something of explanatory remark, section 1.

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1. *The Categories.*

Failing said translation, said inquest into Hegel's relative work as a whole, and especially said suggested new evolution of the categories formally from the Ego itself, we shall content ourselves with something no more special than what may be less or more applicable in the way of general remark.

Of *Quality*, naturally to begin with it, I have somewhere ventured to say that, in the alertness of a beginning, it (that section) is almost already equal to a very armoury of all Hegel's usual means and expedients. The whole progress of Hegel through Being, Nothing, Becoming, Origin, Decease, Reality, Negation, Something, Other, Being-in-itself, Being-for-other, Specific nature, Distinctive property, Limit, Finite, Infinite, etc., can plainly, as discussed, be called nothing else than an affair of the Categories. Being and Nothing, for example, the special stumbling-blocks of all beginners, are, I should say now, as subjects of explanation, in the *Secret of Hegel*, too prolonged and too diffuse in explanation, even for explanation. Nay, after all that has lately been so specially said, it will possibly be thought, I doubt not, that when Hegel begins so, it is impossible to see that he begins with that alleged Ego at all. It may be in some measure reconciliant, however, if I say that to start with Ego—simply with Ego and no more—is to start with an *esse*, a content, that is as yet no more than Being, plainly Being, but still Being that for any *esse* in it, is as

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plainly Nothing. Then Being and Nothing, the one correspondent to the *I*, and the other to the *Me*, say, fall, in the dialectic of the Ego, even as the I and the Me fall into the I—they, too, fall into the amalgamating concrete of the Becoming.

This, as a suggestion, is to be taken in the meantime for no more than it is worth.

Now in this way there is an Esse put at once into the hands of Hegel, most welcomely accordant with a beginning of metaphysic as metaphysic just in the ordinary outlook; and, probably, it will not be found difficult similarly, and on similar terms, to link on the other categories mentioned or otherwise occurrent.

What has been said on *Quantity* and may be said on *Measure*, is not such as to exact, we shall presume, any very dissimilar treatment.

Under *Wesen* it is impossible to exaggerate the felicity of the discussion given to *Identity*, *Difference*, and *Contradiction*; and yet it is precisely here that we have the loudest—almost, indeed, the virulent—reproach to Hegel. Really about the most incisive of Hegel lies there; and I think we may point to *Substance*, *Cause*, and *Reciprocity* under *Relation* as of similar value. The transition of *Reciprocity* into the *Notion* can, at least, surely, be called happy.

In the whole treatment of formal logic, which follows, no doubt, there is in a certain way no advance beyond Aristotle, and yet it will have to be acknowledged that even here the Categories have led

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to a number of new hits at once striking and welcome. This formal logic as a whole Hegel views as *subjectivity*, and it passes, in his way of it, into *objectivity*; which again is constituted by the *Ideas* of *Mechanism*, *Chemism*, and *Teleology*. And perhaps as much as this suggests some of the strongest, if not *the* strongest, objections to the general work of Hegel. Mechanism and chemism, for instance, to what end treat these so now, when their apparently express discussion is so immediately to follow under Nature? Nay, reminded of as much, it may be asked, if logic, as logic, is subjective and within, are mechanism and chemism, as parts of it to be themselves foisted into subjectivity and the within? Perhaps one might see a way or ways of somewhat reconciling this, but relative statement were not precisely in call at present. For that matter, as already intimated, indeed, we do not mean it to be supposed that Hegel in his work is either infallible or faultless. That of any human operation is not a thing to be said or even dreamed; and we know that finite edges do show, or seem to show, again and again, and yet again, through the work of Hegel; as, for instance, transitions are to be found in it at times which are merely pictorial, or which at other times, are only so wilily won, that they are distrusted or rejected as—just too good! *

* I had a friend who used to object to me this. Hegel was to him a man all too cunning of fence. There were devices in him suggestive of the conjuror rather than the philosopher: it is just possible that the "*charlatan*" derives thence!

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So far of Logic. Nature and Intelligence (Spirit) are supposed also to be instinct with Categories or *the* Categories—Nature raised through all its forms, from the most external element, space, to the most internal element that is found in nature, life—Intelligence, similarly followed from the lowest form of the natural soul up to the absolute spirit—but, really, they are there so much in their own substantiality as we know them, that it is from that substantiality, and not from categories at all, that they are to be judged.

Something of this we may see again. In the meantime, as regards the Categories, it may be suggested, that, for the relative understanding of them, there are summaries enough of them, short enough and summary enough, in the Propædeutik and in the first edition of the Encyclopædie, readily available for any student who would have them all at a glance before him. Indeed, in my last volume, to say nothing of—shall I say—the possible profits otherwise therewith communicated, there is not a little in that way implied and so more or less effected.*

* The title of the first volume of the Encyclopædie, as ending in the clause Zum Gebrauch seiner Vorlesungen (for use with the Lectures) guarantees summariness. No student of Hegel should neglect this edition. I may mention here, too, that, in his Aus früherer Zeit, Arnold Ruge expressly runs through the Categories in a most expeditious and instructive fashion: the most of this that applies here, too, I have translated in my article *Arnold Ruge*, in the *British Controversialist* for May and June 1870.

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2. *Physics.*

It is so, then, in a single sentence (*Ego* into *Categories*, and these *Externalised* *) that we have the rationale of *origin* of the world on the part of metaphysics; but what of physics?—is there a single comprehensible suggestion of a rationale of origin, a beginning, there?

Of course there is the *Nebular Hypothesis* which, as first started by Wright, Kant, Herschel, Laplace, or other, is existent still, if by later hands, as naturally to be expected, somewhat, in extent or degree, *modified*. In some of these later hands, at all events, we are much struck by the emphasis that is expended on the insistence, not so much of a beginning, as of a summary end. A summary end—an end of all things! This poor unfortunate world! It was scarcely an honour for any one of us, men, erect, rational, as we are—it was scarcely an honour for any one of us to have been born into it!

But perhaps, after all, it is not as bad as that—perhaps our reading has been too much wholesale—perhaps it is only our own solar system that has the nail-scratch, and the rest are untouched? But no—we look again, and we really do not seem to

* To this "single sentence" I do not suppose I have ever given a better form of expression than as early as the date November 9, 1871, in my First Lecture on the Philosophy of Law; namely (*see* there, p. 5) thus:—"The Ego develops into its own Categories, and these being complete, externalisation results from the one common law"—that is, mind as mind, internality as internality, is turned inside out bodily—Nature!

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find it so! "It therefore follows," we find said, "that as energy is constantly in a state of transformation, there is a constant degradation of energy to the final unavailable form of uniformally diffused heat; and that this will go on as long as transformations occur, until the whole energy of the universe has taken this final form." This, we read in English so, and in French, but by the same hand, thus: "Est-il en droit de se considérer comme sachant quelque chose, celui qui ignore ces découvertes modernes, si magnifiques dans leur simplicité, qui nous permettent de déterminer la constitution et la composition chimique, non-seulement du soleil, mais des étoiles, et des nébuleuses les plus éloignées de nous; de préciser l'origine extérieure de l'aliment qui nous nourrit et du combustible qui nous chauffe; de comprendre la non-permanence de l'état de choses actuellement existant sur notre globe; de retracer l'histoire passée de la terre et de la lune, et de prévoir, au moins en partie, l'avenir qui attend l'univers physique." It may be possible to point to the colour of qualification or limitation in what is said here, either in French or English; but when it is compared—all that there is of it ("*globe*," "terre," "*lune*," "en *partie*," etc.)—with all that there is else of unequivocal assertion, it is surely pretty plain that it is a "whole" that is concerned, and that that whole is the "universe."

There can be no doubt of it—what is concerned is the "universe," "l'univers physique," and in it, and in its regard, once more "la mort"!—"la mort

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sans phrase"! And we owe it all to the découvertes modernes. Est-il en droit de se considérer comme sachant quelque chose, celui qui ignore ces découvertes si magnifiques dans leur simplicité? Even as we are aware that it is really an ingenuousness of *simplicité* that asks the question, we cannot hesitate to agree with at least its *nett* burden. That nett burden is M.E. — the mechanical equivalent—and positively he who in these days should find himself ignorant of it, would not, in general estimation, be very far wrong if he felt himself "not in his rights to consider himself as knowing anything." "Wells on dew" was once on a time pretty well a favourite reading, and Sir John Herschel on natural philosophy still, we doubt not, is such. But for the interest of a sound, strikingly resultful, variously comprehensive theory, we know not any other within the memory of the oldest among us that can, in name, surpass *Energy*. Still, we are not sure that we can say that, as it were, the "Corsican Boswell" on its cap should be: *Here see the état primitif as well as the état ultime of the physical universe!* We have certainly an honest admiration for the simple admiration that is loud in the shout; but we are, as certainly, without the conviction that will allow us to join in it.

But—plainly—properly to judge of it here, we must take along with it the whole of the *Nebular Hypothesis*. And with this hypothesis, may not a beginning, the beginning, be said to be made from "a primordial vaporous matter diffused through space"?

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Absolutely, however, is it not to be said at once that a beginning so begun is no beginning: not one element in it is intelligibly a First. Space, for example—or Time, Vapour — each, as there, as given, is but an unintelligible abstract. As we say of the first, "Giebt es einen Raum" (does it so happen, then, that there is to be found, par hazard, such a thing as Space)? So we may ask of Time—so we may ask of the Vapour: "*for thinking requires to know the necessity.*" Perhaps it may be in perception of this that we have the gracious aside to all the three, Space, Time, and Vapour, "This" (of them) "does not drive the Creator out of the field!" Seeing that any further the whole labour of the handiwork is left to the Vapour alone, we may be allowed to suppose that all up to that is graciously granted to—a god? The état primitif, the primitive state can only mean that: infinite space, infinite time, and an infinite gas. We say infinite even of the gas; for the dark backward and abysm of time can have allowed, by its own infinity in the infinity of space, at least a tantamount infinity of spread to the gas. But that is no beginning. These infinites are somewhat ticklish matters, and call for infinite allowances. We cannot wonder that Physics should be demure in regard to them—though we may—with what else is before us—regret it! For so Physics can allow us no more than, say, a merely epic *middle* with, what is only consonant, a merely epic god—*deus ex machina!*

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But to take in hand the gas only, what are we to say of it? Well—at once—a very burdened gas, a very heavily burdened gas, it must have been, in the very first moment of its existence: for it must have already held in germ—all! It must have been pregnant, seminally pregnant, with illimitably more than even the vegete young Adam whom Jean Paul saw exult, in the face of his Eve, with exclaim: "By heaven I walk up and down, girt with a seed-bag that contains the seeds of all the nations; and I carry the repertorium and treasure-chest of the whole human race!" Even such a *repertorium*, infinitesimally filled up, the first original gas must have been;* but how could anything else have followed? One and sole, a single system, a single entity *throughout all space*, where was there provision for the faintest stir in it? Occupant of all space, from end to end, from length to length, from breadth to breadth, had it had any name under either, it had not room even for the relief of a turn; and give it heat, where was that heat to go to—unless to itself; how was *emission*, how was any bubble, how was any bubble of an

* This is to assume in the gas a *vis insita* in account of the whole ultimate development. Mr Darwin is very obstinate in that, for his development, he will owe nothing to any influence from within, but all to influence from without—as bringing it nearer gravitation, I suppose. Whereas philosophy, quite as much for *e*volution as Darwin, will certainly have *in*volution as well; and Aristotle pointedly says the truth as usual, that there must be a principle from within to bring movement and concert into things: *ὡς δίον ἐν τοῖς οὖσιν ὑπάρχειν τιν' αἰτίαν ἥτις κινήσει καὶ συνάξει τὰ πράγματα.*

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ooze, in a cram-full whole—possible? One and sole, it ought to have lain inert to infinitude.

Or take it otherwise, give ample room and verge enough, grant gas the possibility of an infinite stretch in space—grant this, on and on, from the first: then definitive dissipation—already beyond prophecy—has long since eventuated! To this, plainly, the terms themselves, the terms of the end, suffice; for creation itself on these—any creation—can prove but temporary, fugitive; and infinite time, an eternity ago, has consummated an extremity in the past. This must be so, on the given terms, I say; or else, and otherwise, it is simply inexplicable and a mysterious miracle, how a perishable and perishing universe, such as this demonstrated present one, could have possibly maintained itself even in the state we see it.

But take the world just as it is at present, and on the given terms of physics: what is the spectacle that—still on these terms—we should expect to see?

The proposition of physics is, That an end of the universe is a necessity in consequence of an eventual utter dissipation, dispersion, and loss of heat; for energy itself, as energy, is to take at last that ultimate and final form. In the first place, now, it is evident that this distinguished disaster, this absolute black, this—*catastrophe*—in triumphant prophecy of which so much pride has been taken—if it is to come, has not yet come. It is still *to* come! Orion can still put his fingers in his belt;

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Sirius is as lucent as ever; and even our somewhat inconsiderable Sun has not yet lost all "his original brightness."

Suppose it, in the second place, to be still coming—say after one single, original, ubiquitous creative devolopment; or say after a succession of several or innumerable, less or more partial, but all perishable, creative developments—what sort of a spectacle would space furnish as a whole—and if we could see it as a whole!—at this moment present to us? For all the world—never mind the size: in the infinitude of space *all* the contents of space are in such *relative ratio* that they themselves are, conceivably, in any possible question of positive size, only infinitesimal—for all the world, then, that spectacle of space as a whole before us is the spectacle of an infinite whole of infinitely mixed contents, some, to say so, alive but others again dead—for all the world, as I say, a swarm—a congeries of bees—that, living (the actual suns), buzz—that (the extinct suns), dead, hustle!

But, in the third place, the "universe," *pace* Energy, is not yet to be trampled out and finally done with — no, not yet, and even again not yet — no, not yet, even on its own terms! *Can* the dissipation ever *be* final? In an infinite space, in an infinite time, there must be—on the terms—even an infinitude of the dead, and what is to hinder them from stopping the way? Nay, suppose that nothing less than a simple totality of evanescence is to be insisted on for heat, does

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not, for all that, gravitation exist—and is not gravitation, for all that, still bound to exist—as much gravitation as ever—the same gravitation—and *as* grave, not the tiniest morsel less grave, for the dead than for the living? Of this, as of a bare fact, one might cry, What of that? But the retort might still only die off in a sob at the thought of—Collisions! "The action of the sun is supposed not to be due chiefly to the combustion of inflammable matter: it is believed to be a vibration kept up in its substance by the violent impact of large bodies drawn into it from space, and falling with tremendous force upon its surface. The effect of such a shock—conversion into atomic vapour—a vibration infinitely greater than, etc., etc., and cause at once of heat and light, etc., etc.!"

With such a force present throughout space even on materials dead, who may venture to declare an ultimate extinction of the universe? Does the history of astronomy—with amendment after amendment, correction after correction—warrant it? See the differences here as to the angle of parallax—say even of—the latest and likeliest—Alpha Centauri alone! Ah, nous avons pu faire *avec certitude* des pas gigantesques dans l'investigation de l'état primitif, aussi bien que de l'état ultime de l'univers physique—is it then with "*certitude*" that that so tremendous colophon impends?

It is, of course, the colophon, the end, rather; and not the beginning, that seems physics' fancy; but is, then, the beginning different? With so

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much behind us, may we not still ask, with the sole prospect of a negative, Is there a single intelligible suggestion of a rationale of origin, a beginning, in physics? And, as for an end, is not that chuckle of physics, with all its reality of mathematics and discoveries, over that its strut —"l'état ultime de l'univers," rather small?

3. *Physics (continued).*

Of course there goes to all this the supposition that Time and Space are infinite. Perhaps, indeed, it is but a natural supposition and, pretty well, the common one. Kant, in his celebrated Theory of the Heavens, explicitly assumes it: he speaks of worlds in space without number and without end, and yet as constitutive of but a single system with a given centre; for mutually independent systems would only tend to hasten onwards to the destruction of the universe. As we have seen, he might have added: and, with an infinite time behind us, any such swarm of fallible systems would have been already extinct. One wonders a little, at the same time, that he made no bones of a centre for Space: where, Space being infinite, could he have found a spot to pitch it in? And yet, see how wise we are! *any spot whatever* would answer the conditions: it would have quite as much space on this side as on that, and above as below! As for Physicists, I am not quite sure that there are not a few of them, at a small puzzle here. Possibly

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Geologists and Naturalists would not murmur much, if, letting Space go as it might, they had ever at command any lengths of time whatever to come and go upon, whereas the Physicist proper, I fancy, would rather have it all just the other way: *both* finite—but at least *space*. Mr Clerk Maxwell, for example, puts it rather neatly about the latter. "Every place," he says, "has a definite position with respect to every other place;" and by this he would have us infer that relativity of position is what constitutes our idea of space. "Any one," he intimates, "who will try to imagine the state of a mind conscious of knowing the absolute position of a point will ever after be content with our relative knowledge." This, as I say—if not at bottom only half-consciously in innocent blind of one's self—is to put things rather neatly. Nevertheless, I think we must admit that space, time also, is infinite, let us try to define either in this way or in that.

A writer whom we all respect (we certainly respect Mr Clerk Maxwell), but who can characteristically both love and hate, has it that, "when we find in modern times conclusions, however able, drawn without experiment from such a text as '*Causa æquat effectum*,' we feel that the writer and his supporters are, as regards method, little in advance of the science of the dark ages." It is not quite happy to relegate into mediæval night a man or men who can believe in the ordinary axiom of causality; nor can we promptly credit

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that either the man or the men saw or sought their facts, not in the usual field of material event —no, but *actually* in the *axiom itself*—as though it were adequate, even so, to prove, not *general* only, but positively a repertory and quarry of *particulars* as well! But we champion neither Mayer nor Joule: we respect genius and manliness even when the characteristic feeling shows—if we may allow ourselves the word—a little rowdyish, perhaps smilingly rowdyish, like violets on Vesuvius: and it is only Physics à propos of causality that we have to think of here. The fact, indeed, is that *we*, personally, have had of late so much to say of causality, in some little connexion, too, with the denial of any relation to it unless time, that we are almost tempted to fear here that Physics may have been led to suppose that such a denial, so much and recently in vogue, is Metaphysics' own. For even Mr Clerk Maxwell does not seem to have any very much more assured cognition of Causality than we may apprehend to obtain in the above. At p. 20 of "*Matter and Motion*," for example, it is said:—

"There is a maxim which is often quoted, that, *The same causes will always produce the same effects;*" while on p. 21 it is negatively added: "There is another maxim which must not be confounded with that quoted to assert *That like causes produce like effects.* This is only true," Mr Maxwell continues, "when small variations in the initial circumstances produce only small variations in the final state of the system. In a great many physical phenomena

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this condition is satisfied; but there are other cases in which a small initial variation may produce a very great change in the final state of the system, as when the displacement of the 'points' causes a railway train to run into another instead of keeping its proper course."

This falls into the objection discussed by me elsewhere, that the most momentous results may follow apparently the most insignificant causes. A spot on a lady's dress may revolutionise Europe; the finger of a child may launch into the sea the mightiest warship: so, displaced points, may murder thousands. I assert here, as I assert there, that it is still identity that is the causal law at work. To keep following the course of the rails is certainly no change of identity. Set grooved wheels on guiding rails, curved or straight, it would be a little unreasonable to find fault with them for obediently keeping to the identity entrusted to them. Neither could the opposing train be blamed for a like fidelity on its side. So, train to train was just motion to motion, as in Hume's two billiard balls. As for any possible resultant catastrophe, the identity, plainly, would lie in the momenta and the nature of the objects. Kant himself, with all that he propounds on causality, says this: "The wonder at the following of an effect from its cause ceases as soon as I plainly and distinctly see into the *adequacy* of the cause;" and that is simply as much as to say: it is in identity that I look to find a cause for an effect. The substantiality of a cause just

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substantially repeats itself in the substantiality of the effect. The rail was the rail and the wheel was the wheel; but the *deviation* of the rail was the *deviation* of the wheel. To meet the substantiality that is called cause, it is alone the correspondent substantiality that counts. Even so Hume. He posed his reader by rivetting his attention on the objects as objects, and consequently concealing from him precisely the nerve at work. For objects are not causes always necessarily only in one quality: the same object may be, in a score of different ways, cause. The balls themselves, in Hume's case, did not pass the *one* into the *other:* they only took on a community of states; as Lear and the Fool were wet by the same rain. And yet Hume's language has that in it only to mislead. "The effect," he says, "is totally different from the cause, and consequently can never be discovered in it." The one ball, truly, cannot be discovered in the other; but that is no reason why the effect may not be discovered in the cause. The smashing train was not the smashed one. The objects themselves, the balls, the trains, remain apart. Once thrown by motion into the relation of cause and effect, they have still qualities that render them liable or amenable to the same relation under more than one very different name. Blow your fuel into a blaze, it is the air is the *cause,* the oxygen, not the bellows: the same effect might have been produced by an iron plate, or by a newspaper,

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properly held before the grate, but neither the plate nor the newspaper is identical with the bellows. The smoker has always causality between his lips or at the ends of his fingers, and we may safely leave the rationale of it, the philosophy of it, to him. One wonders if the man who gave the little deviating push was not, to Mr Maxwell, a murderer?

That it sometimes happens, as I have remarked elsewhere, that to the effect we know not the cause —this is not by any means a founded objection. The daily tides, for example, may have been observed for hundreds of years only with wonder, till Kepler, or another, pointed to the Moon; and it was the kite of Franklin led to the rationale of the Thunderstorm. Nay, I doubt not that still in all departments of Science, we know a great many effects, but not their causes. Why HO, in the laboratory, should mean Water, for instance, can only lead to wonder when thought of. That these two *vapours* should sink together into that so very different *liquid* is something very extraordinary. And the wonder is none the less, but all the more, when we know that only a certain proportion, HO_2, is effective. Still there is the identity: the water can be parted into H here and O there. To drop *white* acid on *white* wood, and see a *black* emerge may show a difference to puzzle; but when we know that the acid has absorbed the hydrogen and the oxygen (water) and left behind the carbon *black*, we see identity.

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The differences that follow only from the different *proportions* of the same components—it is *their* resolution into identity that seems the most hopeless.

Not that difficulty, however, nor, on the same level, any other such, can excuse Physics for ignorance in regard to such a specially domestic matter as causality. Mr Huxley, for example, was all his life the very autocrat of the physical side, and as very specially against the metaphysical or spiritual one, and he opined Causality, as I see from his deliverances on Protoplasm, to be but "*contingent succession!*" That is something considerably worse than we have seen already in regard to the deplorable effects of only "small variations," or to uses of the axiom that were only worthy of the "dark ages." Nay, we know that there are philosophers, more or less metaphysical even, who, let them be as metaphysical as they may, are, probably much more, on the whole, even physically accomplished, Mr Mill, for example, Professor Bain; and Mr Huxley, out of all measure, out-Herods them. They, not accepting necessity, assuredly affirm invariableness. We have still with them, then, a certain constancy of succession; whereas with Mr Huxley everything may work loose from everything else, and any connexion of the effect with the cause is not to be depended upon. That is about the nineteenth century's last!

But this of Causality in the reference to Physics,

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if only, and only by the bye, illustrative, is not what immediately occupies us *—the question of a beginning. And suppose we have sufficiently canvassed that on the general or inorganic side, it is not quite so certain that a relevant word may not be said for Physics on the organic side. It is that side that we may have to look to for a moment.

4. *Physics (continued).*

On this, the organic side, it is, I think, only what is called *evolution* that can connect itself with the question of a Beginning. And here it is but naturally suggested at once that we should consider, First, Darwinism in what alone is strictly, distinctively, and properly vital to it as Darwinism; and, Second, Evolution, generally, widely, or, it may be, even vaguely (by the public) conceived or figured as evolution, name and thing.

A. Darwinism, strictly, properly as such.

* We do not offer any apology for the episode, nevertheless: Causality is in some ways the centre of the position—even Physics must acknowledge the critical importance of the question—if only just as a question. As regards the general subject of Causality, I know not but what I have said now in regard to an object not being causal necessarily only in one of its qualities or powers, may prove supplementary to my formal discussion of the subject elsewhere. And I am reminded here of an excellent recent book of Professor Laurie of Melbourne's, in which he has some special remarks on Causality, among which there is one honouring me by wishing I had taken up the subject of Causality as a whole. If Professor Laurie will kindly look to p. 173 and the Note in it of my little book on "What *is* Thought," he will find that, to my own idea, I have written perhaps exhaustively on that subject.

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And here Mr Darwin's own words are, describingly, these:—

"I cannot doubt that during millions of generations individuals of a species will be born with *some slight variation profitable to some part of its economy;* such will have a better chance of surviving, propagating this variation, which again will be slowly increased by the accumulative action of natural selection; and the variety thus formed will either co-exist with, or more commonly will exterminate its parent form: an organic being like the woodpecker, or the mistletoe, may thus come to be adapted to a score of contingencies."

The words in the above extract, which I have italicised—namely, *some slight variation profitable to some part of its economy*—contain—especially in two of them as key words, "*profitable variation*"—the whole of Darwinism, the entire doctrine of the name, *Natural Selection.* Nor are these words unaccompanied by others which are the rationale, the reasoning, on which the doctrine rests. Mr Darwin "*cannot doubt*" that "during millions of generations," "some time or other," such "profitable variation" will take place, and the movement thus begun will, *naturally,* just by reason of the profit, accumulatively terminate at last in such changes as are a new species. Mr Darwin cannot *doubt* of anything so probable: and, so, to Mr Darwin it actually *is.* Positively there is nothing more than that: that is, absolutely, and in honest truth, reasoning and all, the whole of—Natural Selection.

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The *variation* bringing *profit* gives a turn to the entire life of the creature; which in the end is a new species — nay! — which in the end, by "favour" of a whole series and succession of innumerable such *variations* of *profit*, is a veritable procession and sequence of species after species, terminating only in what we see—the majestic faunas and floras of the present!

No reader who comes new to the subject will be apt to believe this; and nevertheless it is true. Mr Darwin says it all himself—the whole of it—of himself and for himself. General considerations, he admits, alone support natural selection: the very groundwork of the theory is incapable of proof. "I quite agree with what you say: he (Lieutenant Hutton) is one of the very few who see that the change of species cannot be directly proved" (ii. 362, and then iii. 25): "In fact the belief in natural selection must at present be grounded entirely on general considerations—we cannot prove that a single species has changed; nor can we prove that the supposed changes are beneficial, *which is the groundwork of the theory;* nor can we explain why some species have changed and others have not." If any reader will honestly follow out these admissions into their constitutive content, he will wonder what in all the world is left Mr Darwin at last. Why, in sober and good truth, there is nothing left Mr Darwin at last but Mr Darwin himself—looking away out there into "millions of generations" in dream!

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And the public thought this dream, this mere imagination, was a scientific apodictic proof of all these innumerable species of plants and animals being sprung—all of them—from a single slight variation of accident and chance in a piece of "proteine compound" that, "some time or other," had just "appeared"—"by some wholly unknown process!"

The "proteine compound" is not to Mr Darwin his only premiss of development. It becomes sometimes "some single prototype," and at other times again "four or five primordial forms," which either give rise to, or are, the "Progenitors" he by-and-by finds it necessary to postulate or grant.

And here the idea of Origin—of Origin as *Origin*—cannot but force itself in upon us. If a First, a pre-existent First, has to be postulated, and so consequently granted, why is there any claim of Origin—what reason is there for speaking of *origin* at all? Origin—as currently interpreted by the public at large, who had not seen, who had only heard, and who believed that Mr Darwin proposed to initiate them into the origin, not merely of species derived from species, but of the very creatures, the living creatures themselves that constitute species, that *are* species — in such circumstances, *origin* can only demonstrate itself as a palpable misnomer.

Yet this, with his own reputation as a Naturalist since the voyage of the *Beagle*—this misnomer it was that *made* Darwin. Why, a similar use of the

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word origin—and it was as much their right as it was his—might have similarly *made* in advance Erasmus the grandfather or Lamarck—say even Maupertuis, or at all events Bonnet, Robinet, Telliamed, who were, all of them, evolutionists, and very much accredited evolutionists, too, though not in the sort of by-way that, by conceived selected variation, Mr Darwin was. Telliamed at least might have found with Mr Huxley (who, we might almost say, was specially Mr Darwin's gladiator) so far, still more favour than even Mr Darwin himself; for Mr Huxley, if asking with surprise, how, without conditions, "variation should occur at all," would have met in Telliamed as good a conditionist as himself: his doctrine being that "The present plants and animals, under influence of external conditions, combined with co-operating efforts at perfection on the part of the organisms themselves, have gradually developed themselves in the course of many thousand years." And we may note here that, as long as Mr Huxley did not understand Mr Darwin on conditions, so long must he be said not to have understood him at all. Perplexities or mistakes, indeed, in regard to the great doctrine—and we shall allow ourselves to say they were numerous—may be illustrated, and very significantly, by the reference of Kingsley when he exclaimed that Darwin "was rushing in like a flood and conquering everywhere by the mere force of truth and fact," where the truth and fact he thus credited to Darwin were—Bonnet's pro-

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position, by the bye — "primal forms with laws of innate self-development," precisely the proposition that Darwin stood there for no other purpose than expressly to deny. For Mr Darwin's forms, prototype or other, had no reference to such accommodation as Kant's, That the ante-dating of the Divine interference neither removes nor lessens it. We have just seen these forms, in Mr Darwin's way of it, only to have "appeared," "by some wholly unknown process," and without any call for God at all: he, for his part, as we also know, had "long regretted (iii. 18) that he truckled to public opinion, and used the pentateuchal term of creation by which he really meant," appeared, etc., as just said.

It is illustrative here, too, in regard to the "proteine compound," shall we say? to refer to what Kant has in a note (i. 228) on the *Infusoria*:—

"When I see the numerous animal forms in a single drop of water—sort of robber-ruffians, some of them, armed with weapons to destroy, but, just as they would destroy, to be destroyed themselves by still stronger ruffians—when I see the craft, the artifice, the violence," etc., etc.

Surely such creatures, only visible to the microscope, greatly contrast with that "proteine compound" so palpably gross that, did it exist now, these animals of ours, as Mr Darwin laments, would devour it all up! And where are they, these minims, in the procession? What are they

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links from? What are they links to? Where at all can we think them to come in?

That it is "conceivable" has the force of fact for Mr Darwin. "It is conceivable that flying-fish *might* have been modified into perfectly winged animals—it is conceivable that during millions of generations individuals of a species will be born so and so—and so I cannot doubt that during millions of generations individuals of a species *have* been born so and so!" All is conceivable; but are they arrived, then—merely "in supposition," like Shylock's, as they are—these argosies, freighted from the air with variations that are accidents, and from the clouds with profits that are the accidents of accidents? Is a dream, even conceivable when awake, science—and is it so easily transmutable into facts and a fact by words and a word? Nay, are they conceivable—even *conceivable*—these existences, individuals of species in millions of generations, that only in millions of chances can show that rarity of rarities, that chance—"in the right direction"? "The more I work" (or dream)! "the more I feel convinced," says Mr Darwin, "that it is by the accumulation of extremely slight variations that new species arise;" and, no doubt, this, with the mere "spontaneity and chance" of the variation, is the whole of the doctrine, *totum et rotundum*, the whole of natural selection. But is it the product of *work*, then, and not simply of perception in a groove, *a* "conception?" Nothing can more incisively illustrate this in Mr Darwin than the

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fate of the story of the Bear and the Whale. Warned by Lyell that he must at least keep the Bear out of court, Mr Darwin murmurs; but, grudgingly, obeys. Lyell, however, no longer in view, he restores it! His imagination was so constituted that, unable to resist it himself as a first step, he feels assured that no reader could escape its convincingness in the same position! It is "*conceivable:*" it needs no more than that to substantiate a fact! And, with variation an accident, profit an accident, Mr Darwin, to be able to create the Fauna and Flora of a universe, asks nothing more than the accident of an accident!

"Wonderful to me," says Mr Carlyle, "as indicating the capricious stupidity of mankind—never could waste the least thought upon it!"

The illustrations of natural selection are prompted and conducted by just such principles as the plot and plan of it. Mr Darwin admits knowing of "no fact showing any the least incipient variation of seals feeding on the shore;" yet the situation itself so much suggests such a beginning as *conceivable* that he cannot help naming it in the relation. A British insect may be ingeniously *conceived* to feed on an exotic plant and—the taste, suggestively, prove fatal! In some relatively similar way, Bats, Birds, Flying-Fish, and Elephants, or Bears ("*Darwinianism*," "*Gifford Lectures*"), are all so conveniently supposable to show, that they may be equally supposed to *prove!*

We saw, a short way back, that sometimes per-

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plexities and mistakes accompanied one's first impressions in regard to Darwin and his doctrine. Kingsley, for example, thought himself by no means relatively unorthodox when he identified himself with a doctrine which Darwin, for his part, stood simply there to refute; and, stranger still, we may refer almost similarly to Mr Huxley. It is not doing any injustice to Mr Huxley to suppose him to have been almost Mr Darwin's "gladiator."* One has only to read pp. 173-4 of *Darwinianism* to know that it is hardly possible to suppose a stronger record than they are of the efforts of one man for the glory of another: and yet he certainly did not understand what he had most at heart, and what he stood forward for, Mr Darwin's doctrine as Mr Darwin himself understood it. He held, namely, that "new species result from the selective action of external conditions upon the *variations;*" and Mr Darwin, denying conditions—to Mr Huxley's own surprise—any entrance whatever into his proceedings, would have been even scandalised by the supposition that what to him was "selection" depended in any way on the intromission of a little more heat and cold, or damp and dry, etc., etc. The selective action that formed a pediculus to climb hairs, or a woodpecker to climb trees, was not to Mr Darwin in any way a matter of conditions—no, not

* Surely it is, in a way, just as such "gladiator" that Mr Huxley describes himself: "Endowed with an amount of combativeness which may stand you in good stead, I am sharpening up my claws and beak in readiness."

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that, but something, however external, that still entered into the life of the organism itself.

Natural selection, pure and simple, was alone the idea of Mr Darwin. So it was that he allowed no part in it, either to conditions, or to natural development due to any principle from within. All change to an organism should be due only to some accidental variation in itself, that should accidentally fit into its own life: it was that accidental fitting in of an accidental variation that was to him, wholly and solely—*Natural Selection.* Conditions lessened for him the "glory" of natural selection, as so, doubtless, did any action of principles of development from within. Now, why was this? Why could either influence "lessen the glory of natural selection?"

There must be, as there is, a certain secret here.

When one gives all possible space to the genesis of natural selection, as explained here or, very much more at large, elsewhere, one cannot help asking, why, then, all that big heavy *Origin*-book, of which, surely, a good three-fourths must be out from and beyond the mere idea as such of natural selection, abstract, or *in puris naturalibus.* I have taken full account of all that elsewhere, and dispense myself from it here (concerns compilation, common-place book, materials of others).

The "Secret" lies in how Darwin looks on Gravitation, Newton, and the Physicists, but not less in how he sums up to his own mind the world in a

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religious—we cannot for Mr Darwin say, philosophical—reference.

Under the Physicists all is physical; while in the other reference, it is mere "rubbish" for Mr Darwin to ask for the "origin of matter" or for that of "life." To Mr Darwin the World is simply an inexplicable *accident*, and not less such an accident life itself.

If now you allow "a proteine compound" merely by accident to "appear," from which by accident all species *physically* follow, you have before you the universe of Darwin, and not less that peculiar and original feat of his own by which he has supplemented and complemented Newton and inorganics by Charles Darwin and organics, with the result of a single universality, a single unity in the names of both.

Oh, if for it all, there were but sound logic and existential fact! What has been said may suffice—but I allow, myself just a touch or two further.

It may be remembered that it occurred to be noted a few pages back (p. 33) that Mr Darwin was somewhat curiously decided in this, that he denied to his original living and, so far, organised material that somehow had just "appeared," whether at first then, or in its evolutions subsequently, any possession of a *vis insita*, a principle of development from within. He, for his part, would (*Life and Letters*, ii. 176—*Origin*, p. 82) stand in no need of any "aboriginal" power, or "necessity of change through some *innate* law:" all for him, on the contrary,

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should be but matter of physical adventure mechanical hap—in the shape, say, of these extremely small, slight, trifling, and thereto, accidental, chance variations of his, that (not one whit less merely accidentally and by chance) should somehow turn out useful, profitable in some way, for the organism concerned, but just as that organism was, and found itself in its ordinary, natural habitat, and ordinary, natural life there. Suppose a bird, for example, "born with $\frac{1}{100}$th of an inch longer beak than usual," as is the favourite illustration, this beak being longer might possibly prove to curve a little—Mr Darwin does not say this, but he does opine that the curved beaks would destroy the straight ones (*Origin*, p. 72).

As for conditions, I have so exhausted, in *Darwinianism*, all that concerns them, that I may dispense myself from any further relative notice here also. Of course, without conditions externally, or a motive principle internally, variation—variation to profit—may appear such a very indeterminate, interrupted, and only occasional, by-the-bye matter, that any relative advance from it may be thought so possibly remote as almost to be pretty well beyond speech; but we must bear in mind that Mr Darwin, as in his "longer period than 300 million years" for the denudation of the Weald, does not at all stint himself in the matter of dates: a million years, more or less, is but a bagatelle to him: having such dark backward and abysm of time behind him, he can feel that, with all the uncertainty in the

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when of the variation to profit and advance, there is always for the waiting leisure enough! Length of time, as in averages on the blackboard, easily wipes out all irregularities. Or, just to say it all in a word:

The bottom-thought of Darwin's mind was Newton and gravitation — gravitation in and of physical clumps and a clump—on which last even organised living existences were but physical, change in them being due only to accidents—physical accidents in themselves and of themselves—accidents not always accompanied by the corollary of profit, that sometimes did not immediately follow, but proving good for the most part sometime or other, a consummation that there was plenty of time to wait for. The universe was but physical, and it counted no element —no, nor principle, a God, for example, or a soul— that was not physical.

And this shall finish Mr Darwin's theory, or doctrine, or hypothesis, as to me, in the end, after labour enough, it has exhibited itself.*

Mr Darwin's fame and name as a naturalist is understood to rest on the "*Natural Selection*" with which he identified himself. It seems an odd thing to say—still there may, after all, be something of truth in it—that *but for Natural Selection*, Mr Darwin might have been in the end a fuller, completer, more perfect and accomplished naturalist.

* *Darwinianism* and the *Gifford Lectures* will amply meet any wish for quotation-references or additional information and evidence.

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Has any one ever taken it into his head to ask What was Darwin's education *as* a *Naturalist?* Was it technically academic, academically, technically complete, academically, technically systematic? Even so far as self-taught, was the result at last, as though technically and academically, a finished, completed, filled up, systematic Whole? I am inclined to hold, after all evidence available, that Mr Darwin's knowledge of Geology was such a whole, more fully, perfectly, maturely, than his knowledge of either Botany or Zoology. Suppose we dip into his life and follow him relatively on in it as the testimony there is offered us.

But I break off here. I am not at all minded to say one word that would detract from Mr Darwin.

Mr Darwin—not that any words of mine are any compliment, or can in any way settle his historical place—was, as are still words of mine, such a naturalist as we can set beside only a Linnæus and a Cuvier; but he was in that line, perhaps—it is a queer word to use—a *Romanticist* rather than a *Classicist.* There are, namely, the great Kingdoms or Sub-kingdoms: Protozoa, Cœlenterata, Annuloida, Annulosa, Mollusca, with all their Classes, Sub-classes, Orders, Sub-orders; not to speak at all of the Vertebrata in *their* Classes, Sub-classes, Orders, Sub-orders, Sections, etc., etc. (the Glossary of Mr Dallas in the *Origin* will give all the names as they respectively were in the time of Darwin). Now, it cannot be said that Mr Darwin was *au fait* in all of these. That is what we mean by the reference to

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education. In that reference we do seem to be told all that there is to be told in the *Life and Letters*. Nevertheless, in all that we hear, even of Botany and Henslow, we never can make out that Darwin underwent regular instruction in—regular courses of Botany, Zoology, etc.—such courses as, with his own application, were calculated to make a scientifically finished, completed, systematic, academic whole in the mind of the student of them. It is not for a moment meant to say that Mr Darwin did not have almost always as his own, generally, such knowledge as even accomplished men would be glad to possess a tithe of, but only this—that, in his relative acquisitions, to say so, he was, on the whole, a *Romanticist*. He was given up to leading articles, or *a* leading article. Beetles, Insects that stir, Birds, were really for the most part the stock in which he absorbed himself. If we can but think of him, the young man, as only so educated, once for all, on the *Beagle*, reading, reading Lyell, with his net at the stern, going ashore always as he could, with the geological hammer in his hand, and a Milton in his pocket—we shall be able in picture pretty well to realise him—even to realise him in his acquirements, whether general or special, when, not yet twenty-three, he went aboard ship for the voyage that in a certain way made him. And we have but to read that most excellent and interesting *Journal* of his to know that wherever the ship took him, thither his leading article still followed him. Go ashore where he may, it is his beetles he hunts. "In one day," he

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cries, "I caught 68 species." At Bahia there is the *Pyrophorus luminosus;* from Rio, in a perfect rapture, amid numberless names of glory (see *Darwinianism*, p. 81), he writes Henslow and Fox, assuring the latter consolatorily, that, for all the new riches, it is their old friend, *Crux Major*, he looks back upon as still the most dear to him. And so it continues all through the voyage. At sea, in Patagonia, on the Andes, Keeling Island, Tierra del Fuego, the Galapagos, St Helena, it is always beetles engross him. At the last so famous island it is wonderful how he busies himself with the dung-beetles. Long after, indeed, it is not different with him. He exhorts his friend Hooker, going to Palestine, to turn every stone on the top of Mount Lebanon in search of beetles. He envies Mr Wallace his captures, and cries out that "collecting is the best sport in the world." Late in life, he literally gloats in description of all his beetles at Cambridge, and of all the old posts, trees, and banks where he found them. Telling then also of his third boy catching a *Brachinus crepitans*—nay, he exclaims, "My blood boiled with the old ardour when he caught a *Licinus*, a prize unknown to me—I feel like an old war-horse at the sound of the trumpet when I read about the capturing of rare beetles—it makes me long to begin collecting again." Almost, I fancy, no one will take it ill of me when I say, "beetles ran in his blood," and will even, perhaps, forgive me if I add that the probability is that Mr Darwin was, as indeed partly said already, rather a romanticist and sentimentalist

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in his Natural History, and that on his return home in 1837, he did not set himself, as in his final career, to a mature, ultimate systematisation of his one subject in whole and in part, but, ambitiously, to what, as side by side with them, should be to the inorganic physics of Newton, the complementary organic physics—say, of himself—Darwin! And so, from that time, it was that he confined himself, not to natural history as a study to be perfected, but to the gathering together of a common-place book-compilation, in which every word that made for a natural explanation of life and living beings might be adopted and signalised. Accordingly, as he says himself, he read all manner of "agriculturists and horticulturists"; he depended on answers to all manner of "printed inquiries" sent out to all manner of "breeders and gardeners"; not less on "conversation" with such, and not less on experiences in "gin-palaces in the Borough." So it was that he came to his organic physics—Natural Selection. Was it so that Newton came to his *inorganic physics—Gravitation?* Or was the one, Darwin, as the other, Newton, was—prepared? When the one, so modestly confident, declared that so and so *is*, now that the law of Gravitation is discovered, was it just the same thing and fact, when the other, Mr Darwin, so sweetly innocent, similarly declared that so and so *is*, "*now* that the law of Natural Selection is discovered?" Where is that law?

1. A *variation*, a mere thing of accident and chance, whether from within or without; 2. By

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mere chance, unforeseen, unlooked for, a *profit* from it (*i.e.*, a casual, fortuitous use and application of it) —an accident—two accidents:

The accident of an accident!
Good heavens! Is that a law?

"Suppose the case that a Seal takes to feeding on the shore"—presumably to stick there (Darwin). What! not to *scunner* at such stuff for food, and to flop back, disillusioned, into its home, the sea, for its natural fish again? Suppose a Bat taking to feed on the ground —well, suppose so, and it dies of inanition, for its food is in the air, and not a particle of it has come to ground. What flying-fish will find its food in the air, or will not be in a hurry to return to the sea? That longer beak of the Bird is under no necessity to curve, nor has Darwin said so. The Elephant's inclining tusks tell nothing; and, really, I suppose myself quite able to tell that the British Insect that, led to it, by curiosity or hunger, tasted the exotic plant, was unhappy enough only to puke and retch after it. Then the Bear that becomes a Whale! *E contra*, the Whale that taking to feed on the shore becomes a Bear! Positively, it does tackle a poor body's ingenuity to make a creature for the element, or the element for a creature!

The whole of Mr Darwin's single action and one thought lies here:—"Favourable variations would tend to be preserved, and unfavourable ones to be destroyed." "Here, then," says Mr Darwin, "I had at last got a theory by which to work." Theory is rather too big a word: it implies a complex of corre-

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lated particulars. Mr Darwin's "theory" was a simple idea—this, namely, that the progeny of an organism always exhibited some variation, never mind how slight, from its parent before it. On that simple idea Mr Darwin turned; his whole soul flashed, kindled, and his mind flew open. It belonged to his simple, ingenuous, sincere, *straight*, instantaneous nature to dwell here, on and on, as in a world of consequences. A variation, however accidental, might not just come and go: *it might have consequences;* consequences, consequences; and consequences again consequences: "The result would be the formation of a new species!" Now all this might have come into the head of any man: it did not need to owe one jot, dot, or tittle of it to any particular knowledge of natural history; and neither did it owe anything whatever in the mind of Darwin to his accomplishment, mastership in his own exclusive industry. From that moment's idea, indeed he turned from his peculiar study, as a study, to be matured, perfected, and completed, and gave himself up to one incessant action of miscellaneous inquiry —some of it Quixotic enough, hazardous enough, futile enough.

Now, the love of hypothesis as quite a family *tick* is admitted. And Mr Francis Darwin has of his father these strong words: "It was as though he were charged with theorising power ready to flow into any channel on the slightest disturbance, so that no fact, however small, could avoid releasing a stream of theory, and thus the fact became magni-

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fied into importance: in this way it naturally happened that many untenable theories occurred to him."

He who does not see that the whole story is told in some one or two of these last sentences, ought to know that he is simply out of court—that he has no place whatever in the business. I turn to

B. Evolution as Evolution.

For this, too, is plain that, in all probability, there never was, pure and simple, a single Darwinian unless Mr Darwin himself. Sir Charles Lyell and Mr Huxley are responsible for, it may be, three-fourths of the success of Mr Darwin. And Lyell, possibly quite ashamed at what he had been taken in to say at Aberdeen, had turned quite round; while Huxley, in insisting on conditions, showed that the bottom-thought of Darwin was unknown to him. In fact, that there never was any one man, evolutionist as he might be, a Darwinian evolutionist, pure and simple, will, I think, when the allegation is considered in the necessity of all the proof shown, be irresistibly agreed to. Why, if new species is the result of "*variation*," and if "of the causes of variation we are," as Mr Darwin says, "profoundly ignorant"—at the same time that, if "conditions" are "causes of variation," of them, too, on the same authority, "we are profoundly ignorant"—while, equally authoritatively, we are told withal that, as to any internal principle of evolution, there is none such: what is there left for the hypothesis of natural selection to depend on—what

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but the conjectural reference to accident and chance of Mr Darwin alone to himself? And, honestly now, does that possibly leave anything else whatever, on the whole field, of conceivable stability on the terms—does that, I ask, leave anything whatever to the common sense of any other mortal? The conclusion is peremptory:

That the so far public voice became Darwinian, not because of the Darwinian rationale as Darwinian, but because of evolution as evolution, and in that because it hated Biblicalism—what is here called *Aufklärung!*

And so we are left for a moment here with only evolution as *Evolution* abstractly before us.

Now with evolution as evolution—all being looked at, things are not so bad.

There is a crass way of looking at creation as Creation at the hands of God, which is, at least to the understanding, a check; while, if we conceive or suppose a *first* life from which all other lives naturally follow, we, by the very word *naturally*, feel placed, as it were, at home.

We need not, however, pursue this, or reason it out in either the one way or the other.

Nature is not dead: it is a life. The Categories are an evolution—an evolution *in* themselves: but *out* of themselves, as an externalisation of themselves, as Nature, they are also an evolution of themselves—self-accordantly in the *inorganic*.

Why not, similarly, also, self-accordantly in the *organic?*

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A peculiar point, too, we may say here, comes up in these millions and millions of years, through imagination of which Mr Darwin would effect realisation of his receipt. When one sees the perfect aplomb with which he names these millions and millions, even in respect of such a comparatively near matter as the denudation of the Weald, one feels that Mr Darwin must have in his mind no less than an infinitude of time for the production, and further process, of that extraordinary, supposititious, casual individual that—"born with some slight variation profitable to some part of its economy"—is to become, in the end, actually this our *Flora*, actually this our *Fauna*—and all *accidentally!*

But *Infinity*, to reason, is only the eternal *Now*.

"I read, not long ago, an admirable book on geology; and, in these perpetual wearings down and heavings up that seem really intimated there to go on and on, and round and round, recurrently for ever, I had a most vivid vision of an eternal life even on the part of this little Earth of ours."

A development of which infinitude may be predicated—and even *as* a *development*—only *is:* it never was not; and it never was aught else.

To be sure, there are to be found, referentially in regard, certain positive calculations. If the geologist, in his wonder at the all but passive process, only ventures a word about indefinite millions of years as to that matter of age of the earth, there are others bolder who write these years definitely down twenty; while another, with a half laugh in dis-

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tinction of himself, comes jauntily to the front with *ten!* But, if twenty, if ten, why not less?

No doubt, as just implied, in a *development*, there are shadings and shadowings, as it were; but these shadings and shadowings are as much eternal as the eternally predicated development itself: they are as much *now* as it itself is.

On the whole, we may allow ourselves to gaze rather at these millions, and millions, and millions of our confessedly imaginative Naturalist!

Withal, is not the entire consideration in regard conform to—just a part, indeed—of Mr Darwin's one whole philosophy? Does not one single strain of reflection constitute, it may be, foundation, and centre, and animating principle to the entire labour that is his—his proprium, his peculium, Natural Selection? That foundation, that centre, that animating principle is what he believes of Newton and of what Newton found — only what was physical. "It is mere rubbish thinking of the origin of life, and, as to the origin of matter," he says, *matter* being to him but a word for the universe, "I have never troubled myself about such insoluble questions." And so all is but an inexplicable accident; no Fauna but is the accident of an accident; no Flora but is the accident of an accident: "there seems to me to be no more design in the variability of organic beings, than in the course which the wind blows"—all, Creation itself, for no less is intimated, is but inexplicable accident. With all this in our minds on the part of Mr Darwin, I

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do not fancy that any one of us, naturally thinking, as we all do, and as undoubtedly did Diderot when he said: "It is the last of absurdities to believe or say that the eye has not been made to see nor the ear to hear"—I do not think, I say, that any one of us, so taught, so by very nature minded, would for one moment be prepared to credit his own eyes when he reads this astounding avowal of Mr Huxley's!—

"The supposition that the eye was made—for enabling the animal to see—has undoubtedly received its deathblow!"

In the "Concluding considerations of my Darwinianism," I shall be found to have quoted some things from that excellent "Journal" of Mr Darwin's which it might be wished he had remembered before committing himself to the accident of this world, or to such accidents of accidents as our Faunas and Floras. In the same connexion, I quote also from Erasmus (Darwin) much that is striking—much, indeed, so striking that—with Mr Huxley and the eye before us—one would like to quote it all again. I quote only this, however, as quite sufficient in itself to throw wide a door to all due meditation:—

"What induces the bee, who lives on honey, to lay up vegetable powder for its young? What induces the butterfly to lay its eggs on leaves, when itself feeds on honey? What induces other flies to seek a food for their progeny different from what they consume themselves?"

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"Who taught the ant (asks Bacon) to bite every grain of corn that she burieth in her hill, lest it should take root and grow?"

So far as I am concerned, then, the taboo may be quite well raised now from the two pooh-poohed books that have so much to do with *design*, Cicero, on the Gods, and Paley on Natural Theology. Both of them deal in ideas; and come from where they may, *ideas* are as true as *things*, *thought* as *matter*, *subject* as *object*. Nay, respectively, it is the former are the truer, or indeed the sole truth at last. I do honestly think that we are perfectly free again to enjoy our Cicero or our Paley just as we used to do.

I desire to add before concluding, that I know not that I have made enough of these, the invisibles, the Infusoria, in my reference above to Mr Darwin; and so now and here I allow myself to quote from the recognised Text-Books as follows:—

"Many of the Infusoria are of a high grade of organisation. The reproductive process in many of them is perfectly well known, and it consists in some of them in a true sexual process, for which proper organs are provided."

This evidence is not discrepant from that on which Kant founds—*see* back.

When we recollect, then, that Mr Darwin has for his procession never in his eye a single individual that is not, so to speak, visibly solid—nay, that his

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very *Proteine* which is to give birth and origin to *all* is so very visibly solid, so very materially solid, that he cannot withhold the lament that, if it were formed now, "such matter would be instantly devoured, which would not have been the case before living creatures were formed." How we are to make good, before such a disturbing upthrow as this of these little creatures, the hiatus in his procession of forms, it is difficult to see. The Glossary of his friend, Mr Dallas, mentions the Infusoria well enough, but he himself, so far as I know, never.

"Minute, mostly microscopic creatures (Rotifera, namely)—nevertheless of a very high grade of organisation—possessing mouth, stomach, alimentary canal, a distinct and well-developed nervous system, a differentiated reproductive apparatus, and even organs of vision."

"Many of these little masses of structureless jelly (Foraminifera) possess the power of manufacturing for themselves, of lime, or the still more intractable flint, external shells of surpassing beauty and mathematical regularity" (these for the shells).

"No Physicist has hitherto succeeded in explaining any fundamental phenomenon upon purely physical and chemical principles. For example, it is certain that digestion presents phenomena which are yet inexplicable on any chemical theory. The Amœba, an animalcule, a mere mobile lump of jelly, digests as perfectly as does the most highly organised animal, etc."

"During the whole period of recorded human observation, not one single instance of the change of one species into another has been detected; and,

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singular to say, in successive geological formations, although new species are constantly appearing, no single case has yet been observed of one species passing into another."

I think all has been said now that need be said on the whole theme of evolution, as it is understood at the present day. The single process of external accident by which acting, in infinite time, on the first organic element, "Proteine Compound," or already "one or more Primordial Forms," which, "by some wholly unknown process" (mere accident, then, as usual) just "appeared"—the single process of external accident, I say, by which Mr Darwin would account for all that in the world is organised, plant, brute, man, ought not to be lost from sight, as it really is. As it really is: for no evolutionist has before him now anything but the vague idea, as dictionaries have it, that "the higher are but the descendants of lower forms through an infinite variety of stages," though usually forgetting withal, as the dictionaries have it also, that to develop is "To advance from one stage to another by a process of natural or inherent evolution." Mr Darwin even categorically denied the *inherency*, because, as Mrs Browning has it, he was "not poet enough to understand that life develops from *within!*"

As excellently applicable to Mr Darwin, it may be sufficiently in place to wind up here with this from Goethe: "Theories are usually the over hasty efforts of an impatient understanding that would

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gladly be rid of phenomena, and so puts in their place, pictures, notions, nay, often mere words." The son (i. 149) tells of his father how it was that he "naturally" dealt in "many untenable theories."

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CHAPTER IV

RELIGION AND THE CATEGORIES

AND under this head it may suggest itself, from much that precedes, as for us in place, to consider only: the Aufklärung in its two numbers, No. 1 and No. 2.

The Aufklärung, as the Aufklärung generally, means the "*discrepancies*" — that, whatever it is that, in the Bible, let it be Old or let it be New, *checks*—for instance, the Miracle of the Swine. We have the report of it, not in John, but in all the three Synoptics, Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and in all of them substantially to the same effect: namely, that unclean spirits, called *Legion*, having one or two men demoniacally in possession, were cast out of him or them by the Saviour, and further ordered by Him, but at their own request, to enter into a great herd of many swine (some two thousand of them) then feeding at some distance off, which great herd of many swine thereupon instantly rushed down a steep place into the sea, and there perished, or were choked. The whole account in each of the three

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Evangelists is circumstantially a very full one; but I have not, in any respect, so to speak, mitigated it. And at the same time, I cannot but think the spirit of fairness on my part that has dictated my choice of the example, will be readily allowed me even by the most devoted member of No. 1. Shakespeare himself does not hesitate to allow his Jew to speak derisively of "the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into," and without protest either, even on the part of the Christian, who at that early day, heard him. This may suggest that even in the days of Shakespeare the Aufklärung No. 1 had already at least begun. Shakespeare's dates are 1564-1616; those of the English Deists, Herbert, Blount, Toland, Collins, Wollaston, Annet, Shaftesbury, Tindal, Chubb, Morgan, Bolingbroke, may be said on the whole to run from the middle of the seventeenth to that of the eighteenth century; while, lastly, those of Spinoza are 1632-77. The English Deists may, not altogether wrongly, be regarded as the earliest *Rationalists*. Like the later Germans, or others of the name, there are substantial thinkers among them; but the bulk of them, then as now, can scarcely, or not at all, appear to us other than adherents of literal Aufklärung No. 1. As I have said elsewhere, I am inclined to name Spinoza's "Theologico-Political Tractate" as the opening, the beginning, the very first of the Aufklärung. This Tractate "has constituted the very arsenal of the *Aufklärung*, whether French or German: Voltaire's wit, and the erudition of the

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theological critics of the Fatherland, are alike indebted to it."

The Aufklärung, then, simply as the *Aufklärung* or, as with me, the Aufklärung No. 1, is the historical outburst of Biblical unbelief that preceded in France, but also elsewhere, the *French Revolution*—the disillusionising of the Bible, the *exposé* or exposure of the "*Discrepancies*" in the Christian Scriptures. This movement as it first appeared in Great Britain under such names, say, as Hume and Gibbon, was received by the bulk of the community with the intensest hate and the loudest execration. The good David, for example, was, in bodily presence, hardly safe from the populace, whether alive or dead. But now has descended a "serener hour." A man, nowadays, may play his piano of a Sunday, and be even listened to; but a generation or two ago, if he had as much as touched a note of it, only on a Fast day, he would have been denounced as an infidel, and the school playground would have been made painfully vocal for his children. Nay, the change is such that I was lately present with two or three or more rather high-placed Church Officials, Free and other, where said unfortunate herd of swine happened to be spoken of, and it was reported by one of them that he had heard it said that if the loss of the swine could have been brought home to any one man's door, against that man, the owner of the swine would have had an excellent case at law! If such a palpable word of Aufklärung could pass among the members of them, it was only to be expected that

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the Churches themselves would—in their own way, truly—shortly follow suit. I dare say many of us may have taken note of this in our ordinary papers of the day—how the most accepted and approved magnates, Principals, Presidents, Professors, what not, are reported to have, again and again, somewhat liberally, and surely honestly, said an open word on Confessions of Faith, etc. And this, too, not without sympathy on the part of those under them. For such things, again, can only prompt the newspapers to such encouraging avowals as these: "When everybody becomes openly unorthodox, nobody can be a heretic: we cannot see the wood for the trees. No one doubts that the vast majority of the ministers in all our Churches now hold opinions and cherish beliefs and disbeliefs which would at one time have brought upon them sentence of excommunication." In fact, there is not a doubt of it, the Aufklärung, the Biblical disillusion, as I say elsewhere, "has descended on the generality"; and so much so, indeed, is this the case that "if a man would have any success with the general public nowadays," it is as an Aufgeklärter he must approve himself: there must not be even a suspicion that he is not "advanced!" Heine is rather popular among us at present, but I hardly think that even his most devoted and least religious admirers would applaud when Noack, himself surely not *un*aufgeklärt, reports expressions of his (Heine's) in this connexion:—

"This Theism"—there and then spoken of—"Schelling desired to make again *salonfähig* (draw-

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ing-room-fit). And should we wonder (ii. 454), if the frivolous, witty Heine, in the year 1835, introduced, into the second part of his '*Salon*,' the philosopher of the Romantic? Nevertheless, he sees, in the history of philosophy, nothing but futile attempts to save the old religion and luckier others to foist in for it something new.—After Christianity had become, in the century before his, a pure deism, Kant (so Heine continues) shall have given this deism its settler, too, put God to the sword, and forced immortality to breathe its last. It is, therefore, in his judgment, properly speaking, a scandal that afterwards a few thinkers should have still presumed to seek to wake up God again from the dead. That (he finds) is particularly unpardonable on the part of Schelling, who began with Spinozism, but now, as though a good Catholic, preaches an extra-mundane personal God that has had the folly to create the world."

The translator would fain believe that such words —which, he confesses, pain him—are, surely, now, for the first time to be seen in English; but there are others as bad or even worse to follow, and only a proposed application can possibly extend to either those or these the excuse of a moment. They, these latter, will be found in Rosenkranz's "Elucidations to Hegel's Encyklopædie," which, published in 1870, certainly carry with them that excellent writer's maturest Hegel. It is towards the end of the little book that the subject of religion is taken up and with the references that we have in mind:—

"When any one nowadays would make his *début* as a philosopher, the first thing he has to do is to

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declare off not only from Christianity, but from religion, too, as a standpoint, namely — which, through natural science and education, has been long left behind." But "he (Hegel) is not ashamed of Christianity." "Unhappy times! he exclaims, which we must always go on telling that there is a God. Of not one of our great philosophers can it be said that he was an atheist; neither of Leibnitz and Kant, nor of Fichte and Schelling, nor of Krause and Herbart, nor of Baader and Hegel. Only of Schopenhauer, who, consequently, though opposed to Materialism, has become a favourite with the mass." "We wholly lose ourselves in mere sense—all comes to us from without—thought, thinking, is but a physiological process. Free-will as determination of one's own self is a chimera. There is only a mechanical determinism. The word Spirit, soul, should be struck from the vocabulary, because it only perpetuates the greatest and most pernicious falsehoods." "Since a generation back we have lived under an ever increasing thraldom of materialism and atheism. When Paul Leroux asserted that atheism had already penetrated to the masses, I opposed him. Very soon after, however, I came to the knowledge of facts which proved him to be right. In the German Workingmen's Unions of Switzerland, a song is sung which runs thus:—

"Curse the God, the blind one, the deaf one,
To whom we prayed in childish belief
In whom we hoped, for whom we waited,
He has scoffed us, he has fooled us."*

"Fluch dem Gotte, dem blinden, dem tauben,
Zu dem wir gebetet in kindlichem Glauben
Auf den wir gehofft, auf den wir geharrt,
Er hat uns gefoppt, er hat uns genarrt."

* The German Singer must have taken time over this to find rhymes for it!

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We may have friends who shall be partial to the Aufklärung and even to the No. 1 of it, and yet may be really the worthiest of mankind. Such men as these we would honestly expect to be shocked and revolted, as well by the frivolousness of Heine, as by the tunelessness of the Swiss. Almost we would expect them half to try back now—almost we would expect them to ask, what, then, is this Aufklärung No. 2?

Of No. 2 I have said, I think for the first time, this:—

"For the last hundred years, the *Aufklärung* has been admitted as a historical fact; but, equally as historical fact, there has to be admitted now the correction of it, what we may call the *Aufklärung* No. 2. No. 1 denied the spirit because of the letter. No. 2, so far as it can, accepts the letter because of the spirit. So far as Christianity is concerned, the dictum of Mr Gladstone is to be considered as very well in place. In a letter of his to the Rev. Alexander Webster, Aberdeen, as published in the *Scotsman* (of letter's date, 'N. 9. 90'), he has these words: 'As for myself, I build upon historical Christianity, the great world-fact of 1800 years.' The Christian civilisation, that is, after the pagan—or better, the classical pagan—civilisation is now the blood in our veins; and by the right of it even a so-called atheist is substantially a Christian. It is but vulgarity for any one nowadays, harking back to the *Aufklärung* No. 1, to talk, so to speak, the *shop* of it."

So far as concerns what is said here of the Spirit and the Letter, I think we are warranted in it by

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Scripture itself: accordingly I quote a verse or two:—

"But the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship Him.

"God is a Spirit; and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth.

"It is the Spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing.

"The Spirit of truth, which proceedeth from the Father, He (the Comforter) shall testify of me.

"Circumcision is that of the heart, in the Spirit, and not in the letter.

"Serve in newness of spirit, and not in the oldness of the letter.

"Not of the letter, but of the spirit: for the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life.

"Hereby know we that we dwell in Him and He in us, because He hath given us of His Spirit."

Still it is not to be said that the letter is to be unconsidered. That, however, is a consideration for the Church we belong to as the Church, and we who belong to it must respect its standards so long as its standards they are.

But, just in mere ordinary reference, we, as individuals, as men, as human beings, cannot be denied our right to think out whatever is in contradiction to the deepest reason or the plainest understanding; and, though we may not have said more than a single word relatively (the swine), we shall

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assume, so far, that single word to suffice. What—when Christ's own words are not authenticatingly there—what, in the New Testament, the Evangelists write, or the Apostles write, or the Disciples write, can be characterised as on the whole popular—in all of them, namely, the exception apart, it is fairly characterisable as in general a popular account; nor of those who are responsible for what we read in the Old Testament are we to speak with more differences than the naturally relative ones. Of both Testaments, and without distinction of contents in either, we are taught that they are inspired. I know not, however, that we should offend if we made in our own minds the sanctioned distinction between the spirit and the letter. We may hesitate about the letter; but we do not for one moment hesitate about the spirit. Of the Bible as a whole, that it is inspired, that it is in spirit inspired, no man can doubt—nay, among all the books that have ever been written, that it is in spirit specially inspired must be the acknowledgment of every honest intelligence all the world over, at all warranted by education to speak.

So much for what may be spirit in a popular account; but we cannot speak so of the letter. The basis of a popular account is always rumour—rumour, so to speak, of the countryside: and such rumour is always the creature of the popular imagination, which, though it does not see a flying horse in the sky, says it does. I do not

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think I am called upon to illustrate this: it is a matter of everyday; and I am reminded of what I once before referred to in Hegel, where he warns us against the got up stories about Pythagoras, and continues to this effect: "The life of Pythagoras only *shows* to us in history at first hand through the medium of the figurating ideations of the first centuries after Christ in the taste or manner, more or less, in which the life of Christ is narrated to us, on the footing, that is, of common actuality (not in a poetical world), as a miscellany of many wondrous and adventurous fables, as a half and half of eastern and western fancies" (as regards Pythagoras, namely).

This shall suffice for all that concerns the letter, and for all that concerns popular infiguration in the letter.

It may be objected here, however, that, if there be a possibility of recognising the Letter even through the plainest understanding, it does not suggest itself at once how it shall be as regards discernment of the Spirit.

What this concerns is what is known, in current phrase, as the Testimony of the Spirit; and what that is it is for us to know now.

Scripture, in less or more direct form, has such references to it as these:—

"And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.

"When He, the Spirit of truth, is come, He will guide you into all truth.

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"The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God.

"It is the Spirit itself that beareth witness because the Spirit is truth."

The truth is the testimony of the Spirit, and it is the testimony of the Spirit makes free. That is the great word of this testimony—that the Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit.

Specially, however, it is to be said, if only now for the first time, that—*for us*—the spirit, the testifying spirit, concerned, is—

The single breath of the co-integrated mass of the co-integrating categories, self-evolved, self-involved —consciousness, self-consciousness, the concrete ego, as *in* the Ego and *from* the Ego that is the Infinite, the Living Universal, the absolute I Am: God.

We see here, then; as in actual letter, what the testimony of the spirit is: It is the breath of the Categories.

But these, the Categories, are they, then, a common possession? Are they such in every man as to give every man—Testimony of the Spirit?

Potentially—Yes: Actually—No.

Self-consciousness just as self-consciousness is the potentiality of reason; and the potentiality of reason is the potentiality of the Categories. But potentiality, again, just as potentiality, is but the natural first, as this natural first, further, must, on its side, be matured, if not *to*, then always *towards*, the developed last—the *Universal*.

That last no one of us ever *is*: the truest among

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us may approach, but never *be*. God alone is the Universal.

All of us ordinary men, very diversely actual, can but, from reach to reach, rise.

In the quoted paragraph that concerns the Aufklärung in its numbers of 1 and 2, or of, what is the same thing, the Letter and the Spirit, there is mention of Christianity as Christianity. Now that is a most important consideration. It is a consideration that the Aufklärung, just as the Aufklärung, seems to have wholly neglected. Almost indeed it would seem as though the Aufklärung had said, the Aufklärung being judge, Christianity is nought and not. But is that so? Because of the Miracle of the Swine is Christianity nought—is Christianity to be thought as not? And here it is that the Aufklärung No. 2 has its cue.

Even as an external event, Christianity is there: Christianity has come, Christianity is, Christianity is a historical movement, Christianity is itself History, Christianity is in fact Us. The rights and lots of the Slave, the rights and lots of the Poor, the rights and lots of Woman, the rights and lots of Man as Man—Life, Heart, Soul—a New Life, a New Heart, a New Soul: That is Christianity. Nay Science, the Stars of Heaven, the Ends of the Earth, and the Deeps of the Sea: That is Christianity.

And all that is not to be because of the miracle of the swine! Is it not innocent, this, on the part of the Aufgeklärter—to forget all about Christianity

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as Christianity, and remember only the miracle of the swine! Think only what our books tell us about our Lyric Poetry:—

"As the inner world has only through Christianity attained to its true development and import, so also only in the Christian world is it that lyrical poetry has completely and in all its differences developed itself." The mere subject of Culture again shall lead to the production of such distinctions as these:—"If there was a blossom of Culture in Greece, it was only in the Christian world that it could be ripened to fruit. It was the world-religion of Jesus that was fitted at full to bring culture into its innermost sanctuary, so that thence, inspired with the divine breath, it might penetrate the entire spirit, all the relations of life, and replenish them with vitality and soul." And of Christianity generally we are told elsewhere:—"The acknowledgment of the one true God, and of Jesus as His Christ, and the obligation to a moral life according to the idea of the Godhead—these, therefore, are the essentials of Christianity. This simplicity of the religious belief, this character of universality, goodwill to all men, this freeing of the religious life from all the limitations of special places and prescribed ceremonials, and this noble, moral spirit, which has moulded life according to the idea of the Perfection which has in Jesus an embodied ideal, and this direction of religion to the purely human without respect of rank, nation, and political constitution, has procured Christianity so wide an extension and

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given it so beneficent an influence on the destiny of mankind." This, too, in the same connexion is a general principle, and of importance, that it is on individual free-will that with us, nowadays, the State is founded, a condition that in ancient times was politically impossible. That a State should be possible on individual free-will, for that mankind had to wait the advent of Christianity; for it was with Christianity that there came into the world the new principle of such free-will, of such liberty. The softening and enriching influence of Christianity—that in Christianity which exalted and expanded the soul of man into the universal itself — nay, within that, the hard training and discipline of the Christian duties and the Christian life: just all that Christianity means—that was the necessity of the modern State.

I have noted, on the part of others, or even myself elsewhere, a variety of express passages to the same effect; but I dread disproportionately to heap. I may remind, however, that *à propos* of a reference to Hegel, on the foundations of belief (p. 13), I had a remark or two which, surely as apposite here, I may venture to repeat:—

"The Aufklärung, namely, with its absolute completeness of general information, supported, too, by the full enlightenment of all knowledge of *science*, rigorous, exact *scientific truth* as it now is—the Aufklärung, I say, tends to deny, or, at least, sceptically to doubt, every item, every the most momentous and vital particular, of Religion—Religion, as we have

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it 'through the ages.' Am I wrong in venturing to surmise that this to some extent summarises the central idea of a book that, considering the number of editions it counts, must have given thought, and *a* thought, to not a few presently existing readers—this book,* namely, 'The Foundations of Belief,' by Mr Balfour."

And now it may be in place here that, in this the religious reference, we pass to a word—only a word—on Hegel; but what it concerns can be characterised only as the profound result of a truly *categorical* depth and gravity of inquest and insight. "It is not necessary to read very deep into Hegel," says Schelling, to come to know that his main quest is "the *An sich* of things." The *An sich* of things is, in the language of Schelling, their *Was*, their *What;* and one need not indeed go deeper than the surface to come to know that, with all his philosophy, it is the *Was* of religion that is to Hegel his main pivot. This, and that to Hegel also God is, as it were, the constitutive thought of religion—to know as much, I say, is to be lost in wonder as to what knowledge, or what want of knowledge, could have warranted

* This remarkable work seems to me to be really a plea for spiritualism against the undue protentions of the too prevalent modern view which may be named "Naturalism" as with "Mr Balfour." A friend writes me this his wind up of criticism on it:—"The book ought to be read by these '*educated*' people who are apt, in the present day, to talk as if science was so *certain* and philosophy so *unreal*: it might be useful for them to learn on what very insecure foundations what they think to be so certain really rests." This book is a cheering event in these days; and much to the same effect is Mr Haldane's veritable philosophy in that his attractive and somewhat unique work, *The Pathway to Reality.*

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any man unmisgivingly to lay at the bottom of a whole book-judgment (to the Public) on Hegel that he, Hegel "had the audacity to say that philosophy was to make us indifferent to whether God existed or not!" This can be only paralleled by that magnanimous attempt on the part of certain learned Professors, as recorded in Transactions of certain learned Scottish Societies, fundamentally to expose and explode that "Hegelian Calculus" of Hegel's own, which they themselves had—*dreamt!*

As regards Hegel's declarations in respect of God, I will quote a few from the Philosophy of Religion:—

"God is the beginning of All and the end of All; as All proceeds from Him, so also All goes back to Him; and He is no less the middle, that animates and inspires All and, preserving those forms in their existence, puts into all of them soul.

"The object of religion is the eternal truth, God, and nothing but God.

"God is the Absolute Spirit, who is there not only in our thought, but as existent person.

"God is *einer*—a person, not *eines*—a substance, as in Pantheism.

"God is the God of all men—not mere all-embracing, general spirit (i. 4, 21, 27; ii. 48, 186)."

Such quotations might, in either connexion be indefinitely multiplied, but all to the single effect, that God to Hegel is the One, Sole, Personally Existent, Living God.

In fact, in actual fact—in truth, in very truth, he

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only will say the fact and the truth of Hegel, who says that Hegel, the whole of Hegel, is to be found in that single edge, that single concrete edge—religion, the religious moment: "God's Grace and Man's Sacrifice."

It was not for nothing that, all these years of his lonely exile in Switzerland at Berne, Hegel grubbed and groped and burrowed himself into religion—burrowed himself into religion—Christianity—and there found himself: found himself in God.

It is in the first volume of the Philosophy of Religion—in what is there called *The Religious Relation* that Hegel lays the deep foundations—the Metaphysic—of this whole Crisis. And no man can miss it who absorbs himself into the "*Cultus*" that follows. The Cultus takes up some fifty pages; but more than a hundred are given to the Religious Relation that precedes it. Hegel, in discussion and exposition, is very particular and full here; but I am minded—without going into them either—to direct attention to no more than the final twenty pages.

But what these concern is the very heart of Hegel, the very eye of his whole business, to call it so. They concern, that is, "The Speculative Notion (Begriff) of Religion."

For this Begriff Hegel, at some length prepares the way by certain expositions that concern the Finite, the last one of which bears to be "The *Rational* Consideration of the Finite," and that means the result to the Finite when it is viewed

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by *reason*. The paragraph that opens here I translate thus:—

"This standpoint is to be considered as it stands in *relation* to the form of Reflexion in its highest point. Transition from this standpoint must be dialectical in its nature and dialectically made. This, however, belongs to Logic. We shall proceed thus: concretely state it, and, as for what concerns necessity in the transition, appeal to the consequence of the standpoint itself which is this:—*I as finite am a nullity*, and as such to be abolished, but this abolishment, all the same, is not accomplished if this *immediate individuality* withal *remains* and so remains that *only* this *Ego* is the affirmative, as the standpoint of reflexion gives it. The finite that rates itself non-finite is only *abstract identity, void* in itself, the highest form of untruth, the lie and the bad. There must, then, be a standpoint got in which the Ego (the *Me*), in this individualism, does, in fact and reality, do denial on itself. I must be the particular subjectivity that is in effect *denied* (negated); but there must be an *objective* (something) recognised by me even so, which in point of fact is valid to me as true, as the affirmative, put in my place, in which I as this Ego (this *Me*) am negated, but in which my self-dependence (my *Me* in fact) is at the same time maintained. The self-dependence of reflexion is so individual a one that it gives place within itself to not another such, and as it must give place to some other, it proceeds in this without law and order (of will say), *i.e.*, it has place for nothing Objective. Shall really an Objective be recognised, there belongs to that, that I become determined as a Universal, hold myself as, am to myself *a* Universal. This, now, is nothing else than the standpoint of thinking reason; and just religion

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itself is this act, this action of thinking reason and of one that in reason thinks: as individual (Einzelner) to set one's self as the universal, and negating one's self as individual (Einzelner—Singular), to find one's true self as the universal.

"Of this standpoint, the universal general moments, the more particular thought moments, are now to be brought to view."

This is not happy writing. In rendering it, I have felt obliged to follow the conceived thoughts as well as the expressed words of Hegel. An example will explain. One sentence runs in German: "Die Freiheit der Reflexion ist eine solche, die nichts in sich enstehen lässt und da sie doch entstehen lassen muss, in diesem Setzen ohne Gesetz und Ordnung verfährt, d. h. nichts Objectives entstehen lässt. The freedom of Reflexion is such a one, that it lets nothing arise in its self and as it, nevertheless, must let arise, proceeds in this Setting without law and order, *i.e.*, lets nothing objective arise." I do not suppose there is any one, German or English, who can make anything of this. I cannot certainly affirm that what I make of it (higher up) is right. The difficulty is all too great.

In truth it may be that what we have here but illustrates the fact that what of Hegel had publication only at the hands of others after his death, cannot be depended on in the same way as what he himself published.

I conceive the burthen of the whole passage quoted to be this: My ego (as me) knows itself to be finite

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—singular, an individual, not a universal—and so knows itself in that quality to be no more than a null, a nothing: Knows, that is, that it has its truth, its reality only in the universal: into which negated, that its very negatedness is only an absorbedness, an identifiedness. That is the act of religion: the singular or particular is idenfified into the universal —God.

Accurately, this is nothing else than that God *created* man—but in his own *image*. Man is a creature, finite; but in his consciousness, the image of God, man is infinite.

"This is nothing else" (as just said) "than the standpoint of thinking reason; and just religion itself is this act, this action of thinking reason and of one that, with reason or in reason, thinks; to set one self, a singular, as the universal, and, negating one's self as singular, to find one's true self as the universal" (188). "Of this standpoint, the universal general moments, the more particular thought moments, are now to be shown" (189).

And now there follows an intimate exposition, demonstration, of

"The Speculative Notion (Begriff) of Religion."

This I leave to the reader; and, with whatever difficulty, he can always realise it for himself, if he will but duly *absorb himself*—and *Think* (189-204).

The result is, that Christianity is, with all that I may quote—and all shall be relative—directly or indirectly, this:—

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Blessedness can only be said of God, in whom Will, and realisation of his absolute Might are one. For man, however, agreement of externality with his internality is circumscribed and contingent (Propæd. 31). The substantial relation of man to God seems to be a *Beyond*, a *Yonder*. But the love of God to man and of man to God annuls the disunion between this side and what is conceived as a yonder side, and is *The Eternal Life*. This identity is made *visible* in Christ. As son of man, he is son of God. For the God-Man there is no yonder. Not as this *individual* man is he, but as man universal, as the veritable, the true man. The external side of his history must be distinguished from the religious side. He suffered and died in lowliness, in shame. His *pain* was the depth of the unity of the divine and human nature in life and suffering. The "*blessed Gods*" of the heathens were figured as in a yonder: through Christ has common reality, this *lowliness*, which is not disgrace, been *itself made sacred* (*ib.* 204).

Christianity, round which turned the revolution of the world that now is. The absolute nature of God is not to be named substance, but subject (person), spirit. As though without God there could be anything absolute or true at all (xvii. 156, 167, 290).

With the idea of Christianity, as the new religion which has come into the world, the essential principle is that the Absolute is known in concrete wise as Spirit, God is not a mere general thought, a conception. Within Christianity, the ground-fact is, that in man there has arisen the consciousness of the truth, of substantial Spirit, and that man be participant of this truth. Man must be so that for him this truth is; further he must be convinced of this as possible. This is the absolute call and need; man must have come to the consciousness that this

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alone is the truth. The *first* interest in the Christian religion, therefore, is that the import of the *Idea* be *revealed* to man: or, more particularly, that there come to the consciousness of man *the unity of the divine and human nature*, on the one side as substantial unity, and on the other as in the Cultus realised unity. The Christian life is that our subjectivity have trust in this idea, that the individual know himself as taken in claim, that he make himself worthy in himself to attain to this unity, that the spirit of God, *grace*, as it is named, dwell in him. In Christianity this substantiality of the intellectual world, Spirit, has become common consciousness—this is a second creation of the world, which has followed the first; only first in it has spirit come to understand itself as Ego = Ego, *i.e.*, as self-consciousness (xv. 35-7, 106).

That a man is in himself free, in his substance as man born free: that was known neither to Plato nor Aristotle. Only in the Christian principle is essentially the individual personal soul, spirit, of infinite, absolute worth; God wills that there shall be help for all men. With the Christian religion came the truth that before God all men are equal; for Christ has emancipated them into Christian liberty. And so this liberty is made independent of birth, station, learning, etc., etc. (xiii. 63). God is self-consciousness; He knows Himself in another consciousness that *in itself* is the consciousness of God, but also *as itself*, in that it knows its identity with God, an identity, however, which is realised by negation of the finite (xii. 191). The eternal life of the Christian is the spirit itself of God, and the spirit of God is just this, to be self-consciousness of Himself as the divine spirit (xi. 394). Only Christianity, through the doctrine of God made man, and from the presence of the Holy Spirit in the community of the faithful,

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first gave to the human consciousness a perfectly free relation to the infinite and thereby made possible the *notional* (*begreifende*) cognition of Spirit in its absolute infinitude. First, only through the Christian religion has the one nature of God (but distinguished within itself), the totality of the divine Spirit in the form of unity, been revealed (vii. pt. 2. 4, 32).

The Christian God is not merely the known God, but the absolutely himself-knowing God, and not merely conceived, but rather absolutely actual personality. The universal in its true and comprehensive signification is a thought, of which it must be said that it (the thought) took thousands of years before it came into the consciousness of man, and which only through Christianity reached its full recognition. The true ground, why there are no longer any slaves in Europe, is to be sought in nothing else than in the principle of Christianity itself. The Christian religion is the religion of perfect freedom; and only for the Christian is man as such in his infinitude and universality (vi. 297, 321-2).

Not one word that has now been said, but has its essential bearing on the Aufklärung No. 1. That Christianity as Christianity, a whole world's significance, should lose its import, should forfeit its validity, its truth, its deep consequence to humanity as humanity because of the miracle of the swine! Let the commonality of the account be what it may, let the popularity of the account be what it may —eminently natural and eminently naturally in place both, they are both but of the surface surface and of the external external, as, consequently, of the contingent contingent. What are they to the depth

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and internality of the truth of God? The Aufklärung No. 1, is but vulgarity out of date!

The Aufklärung No. 1, is but vulgarity out of date! And if, when so placed, it is vulgarity out of date, what is it when it is the relation to Jesus that is in place? What is the Book—what is it in the Evangelists—what in the Apostles—in Matthew, Mark, Luke, John—in James, and Peter, and Jude—in Paul—in and under all these names what is the Book—what *is* the New Testament—what can we say that it *is*, but that it *is* Jesus? Whole and sole it is as Jesus, only as Jesus, that we see the Book. The Book is Jesus, and Jesus is the Book. We have histories and histories on our shelves, and, no doubt, we have great men—great men and good men—in all of them; but is there a single man of them all, great men, good men, equal to Jesus? Not one! Even in the finite—that is, of men—Jesus is alone what we can think of as the *Universal*. And after Philosophy, as we have seen, the Universal has its own meaning.

"Shakespeare entering, we should all rise," said Lamb, "but Christ, we should all kneel." *

Is there any place for the vulgarity of an Aufklärung No. 1, here!

* "Napoleon shutting up the New Testament said of Christ—'Savez vous que je me connais en hommes? Eh bien, celui-là ne fut pas un homme.'" Browning chronicles all this somewhere.

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CHAPTER V

CONCLUSION

I KNOW not, however, that I have anything of importance to say by way of conclusion: this whole little book, indeed, I really regard as no more than as something of an appendix (something *valuable* as such?) to my preceding volume. If, then, I have given it the title of The Categories, it is only because I regard these in the main to function all through it; and I positively do not seem to myself to require to speak at any greater length on that head generally. As, however, it must seem to my readers that I have troubled myself most with the great names of the Kantian era, I think I may pardonably add just a word in connexion therewith.

In the previous volume I am very full on Kant. That is, I am quite full on the Categories as they are in Kant. I may refer here to all that I have elsewhere said of Carlyle's *propos* on the veteran. Carlyle lays stress on the bodily *smallness* of the man, in regard to which he thinks Kant's letters give him a right to speak *morally* as though in connexion with

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the known facts physical. I have presumed to differ from Mr Carlyle in this, instancing Kant's extraordinary fertility, that he has no sooner done with one *Kritik* than he is ready with a second, and a third—with remarkable work after remarkable work, in fact, all freshly, frankly written, and with new and original ideas of his own. His third *Kritik*, the æsthetic one, is perhaps as regards such ideas the more remarkable of these latter; but, for all that, his *practical* works are about the most interesting and inspiriting things he has ever written. One gets absorbed in them. Still, the climax and crown of them, which I suppose we may take the *Categorical Imperative* to be, though, no doubt, welcome, useful, and all suggestive—precisely so on the individual occasion of call, too—is but itself abstract, certainly a universal, but as certainly only an abstract universal, not freighted with any table of completion and instruction in regard to a philosophical scheme of all our various concrete duties, etc. Carlyle has Kant before him as "a *small*, most methodical, clear and nimble man, with those fine sharp cheery honest eyes, brow, intellect, those projected quizzically cautious *lips* of his:" and, doubtless, he was the best of all that. I do not suppose it can be held that Carlyle was always right. Nevertheless he was everywhere and at all times the True Thomas, and certainly—to me at least—his forte lay, not only in the perfect picturing of individual external scenery —the actuality without, but also in the sketching of individual internal character—the reality within.

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Carlyle's Kant, then, is perhaps, in its own way, not without at least a certain picturesque truth: intellectually, we must say at once, however, that Kant was not a *small* man. No doubt, if you eliminate from his works but one thing only, he will cease to be, what he is now, *epochal*. That one thing is the Categories—of course with all that they involve. This, too, is true: that the origin of the categories as they appear in Kant was pretty much the accident of an accident; for it was pretty much by accident that Hume, in treating causality, asked in a way: If the causal *necessity* is not *à posteriori*, where is it? as it was pretty much by accident that, in return, Kant answered: why, *à priori*, of course!

And already, at the word, the German tree was planted?

Kant's earlier and smaller works, had they been alone, might, not at all improbably, have easily and reasonably disappeared—and he with them. But, his later and greater works, even without the categories (which are what is magistral in them)—would *they* have disappeared? If not epochal, Kant would no longer have been as a Descartes, or a Spinoza, or a Leibnitz, or a Locke, or a Berkeley, or a Hume—no longer that, perhaps—but would he not, in advance of the Reids, the Stewarts, the Browns, have been at least half of the way towards them?

The *third* Kritik, independently of the categories, has excellences of its own; and still more righteously can this be said for the *second*. No doubt, the *first*

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and great Kritik, the one epochal work of Kant, would, in such circumstances, shrink into the spectre of a sheet or two. And how could it be otherwise? Withdraw the machinery, all these heavy masses of —Analytics, Dialectics, Syntheses of Apprehension, of Reproduction, of Recognition, Schematisms, Axioms, Anticipations, Analogies, Postulates, Paralogisms, Antinomies—scores more endlessly—withdraw all these, I say, and what would remain? Something not so "methodic" it might be, but I rather think, to most people, perhaps, something both "clearer" and "nimbler!"

That is how Kant would be, if but divested of one thing—the categories. But leave him the categories and divest him of but one other thing—the *Aufklärung:* and all the rats have left the ship! I feel certain that Noack, and all who are as he—and they constitute, far and away, the bulk of those who sit around to judge—would, without that one other thing, at once see in Kant nothing!

And positively it is as concerns the Aufklärung, or, better, it is as concerns religion generally, that, if exception be taken at any time to Kant as shallow, it will be at least most markedly on that ground that there is truth in it.

It is on that ground that, in the first place, I would rest the distinction between Kant and Hegel. Compare how Kant, in the ordinary outside way, would acknowledge the *uses* of religion for morality, morals, and how Hegel, as in the Religious Relation and the Cultus, would take us into the very inmost

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of the Reality—into the very inmost of the Presence! It is there that the difference between the two men is even infinite. It is there, then, in that difference, that we may think of thinness and superficiality on the one side, and of intensest depth, intensest truth on the other. There is more than that in this difference; but I do not propose in the meantime here to enter rigorously and at full into the particulars that constitute it. Let it be enough for me to say now, that to the best of my belief and judgment—and I think after all this time and what it means I know both —Hegel is a greater man than Kant.

And yet it is the Categories that are the work and worth, the vitality, the epochal service, the tribute and communication of both. The Categories? And Hegel took them from Kant: it is the Categories of Kant *made* Hegel? Yes! but what did Hegel make of *them?* His score of volumes—his whole twenty-one volumes are *his* making of them.

It does not follow from all this—as already intimated—that Kant's praise does not remain. Kant was not a *small* man: make seriously or supposititiously what deductions you may, he was not small. By very nature, he had a perfectly clear, susceptible, capable understanding that, with an altogether avid curiosity, welcomed information, intelligence, ideas, from all sides, but from that side—in some special degree, no doubt, even from the first—where was presage of his Chair, the Chair in which he was representative of Logic, Metaphysics—Philosophy, to his life's end. For, withal, he had read and he

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had thought, this little man: he had no interest in life, indeed, but to read and to think. And if he read, he also wrote; and deduct from it what you may—Aufklärung, Categories—what he wrote at his best was always of signal originality and instructive import. Facts are facts: and look at it as you may, name it as you may, Kant's fact—let it even be by accident of an accident—*was* an epochal fact, and an epochal fact it will remain. And so, then, it is out of all proportion to call this epochal man "*small*," "spiritually *small*:" it was not as a small man that Kant was the historical originator of a historical epoch. And if Hegel *is* a greater man than Kant, it is only in and of the *Kantian* Philosophy he writes.

Saying no more than this of Kant, I think it will be pretty plain that, on the whole, nothing further need be said here of Fichte.

Of Schelling, his *Positive* matter is so peculiar and so difficult, that if I did say the more that I have, it would be welcome; but here, nevertheless, not in place. It is needless to dwell on contradictions, as *e.g.* the *dass* granted to be a matter of experience, and yet *the* dass only reasoned to—not, to be sure, as in the *negative* philosophy from the effect to the cause, but from the cause to the effect! And yet no! even that does not state the case; for Schelling's *Seyn* (*the* dass) is to be conceived as something that is before and beyond both thought and sense: and what can that mean, but that it can be got to—neither by thought nor by sense?! A veritable *Prius*—surely! but what good is it if unattainable? I have called

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it *x;* and no doubt Schelling thinks it something more positive if conceived—just *conceived*—as all potentiality or as the potentiality of all, whether as the totality of thought, reason, or as the totality of empirism; but just call my *x*, if you will, the totality of sense or the totality of reason; or just, by all means call it the totality of both at once—then, pray, tell me in what respect is it less an *x?*

Of Hegel, as I say, I scarcely think I have anything to add. Of course neither in his case nor in that of the others, is there to be expected from me the particulars of the enormous works of either of the four of them. That is the business only of a complete translation, in all cases attended in the main by an equally complete, detailed, relative commentary and criticism.

When I began this work it was my one ever-present idea. "It would be a fine thing if I could give a generally intelligible and explanatory body to the—Four Corners of German Philosophy." How—after a life-time, or the better half of one—I may have succeeded, it is for others to judge.

One thing I should wish to say at last, that the strange mistake in regard to Hegel has been exploded and exposed; and that he has been demonstrated, in his own deep way, not only to act on the conviction that God is the single truth of the universe, but on that also that Christianity lies with him as animating influence at the very heart of his Philosophy itself. Nay, is it so certain that Hegel, after all, was not, in his belief at heart, in the religious and philosophical

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vision of his soul, just as Böhme was, or as any one Mystic of the Middle-Ages was, Eckhart, or Tauler, or others, simply *Gott-begeistert?* What was that "intellectual world" of his—or what was that "eternal life" of his? A few pages back there are some extracts in a Christian and religious reference which I should suppose it would be difficult for any one to read without the question, was not Hegel, then, if philosophically in earnest, not less, in the centre, religiously in earnest? "The substantial relation"—"the unity of the divine and human nature"—"the infinitude and universality of man"—the "unity of God but distinguished in itself," a plurality, then, "a totality," but is not that so as though the One were Many and the Many One? There is the "identity made visible in Christ," etc.—so much else indeed—but these are points, plainly, not for the formality of exposition now! We may be sure of this, however, that take it as we may, there was to Hegel in this universe, but one single essentiality, substantiality, and truth: God! And if this was so to Hegel, it was not otherwise to Aristotle, as I think no one for a moment can possibly doubt who reads in that reference the passage in my Gifford Lectures translated from the Lambda of the *Metaphysics*.

How, then, are we to explain on the part of Aristotle, and, as it is not out of place to say on the part of Plato also—how, then are we to explain this action on the part of ancient philosophy generally—how else than that this action addressed itself exclusively to a unity—addressed itself, as it were, to

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the study and consideration of *a single principle?* By fixing eye on a single principle—God, say—it was meant that they were to understand *all.*

No doubt, in the mediæval thinking, this single principle, God, remained—remained and in a form magnified, exalté—in a form *à fortiori,* so to speak. But, now, in Christianity, this single form was doubled: there was added to this form (God), through Christ—Man. God was as Mind, Thought, Reason; but Man, as the Finite, Mundane, was but as Nature, but as the nature generally, of the every-day world we saw around us. Hence a duplicity. Man was at once a duplicity in himself: he was in himself at once Mind and Matter. This, withal, is at once to name the distinctions that grew, and *grown,* were Modern Philosophy!

Not that these distinctions were in evidence at once. No; Christianity itself as such, especially—as against your Jupiters, and the rest—the God of Christianity, constituted, as it were, the all of general speech for the interval of some four hundred years. After these it was, however, that Augustin began to give voice to the problem between Mind and Matter with the discussion of which, later, it was the fortune of Descartes, formally to illustrate himself. By this we mean that, even up to these latter days which are just beside us, the general terms heard were those of Materialism on the one side, as those of Idealism on the other—a duplicity. Now the vital core of this duplicity was the theory of perception, perception strictly so called—*sense-perception.* Not but that

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even in ancient times there was some approach to the problem so far as concerns the *fallibility of the senses.* I suppose there was some talk of this kind; pretty well, after all, on the part of every one of them—unless the nakedly materialistic: Eleatics, Heraclitans, Empedocleans, Sceptics, Sophists, and indeed, generally all. Even Plato refers to the fluctuation that belongs to sense. Still, on the whole, we may hold, I think, that what an ancient saw *was* what he saw. That grass was that grass; that tree, that tree: each out there in space, in the garden, a thing, an actual thing, an object, an actual object—and always to remain actually such, let him turn his back on it, or go outside, or do anything else that pleased him. It never occurred to him that as he only knew within, whatever he knew could be, and must be, itself, only within! I fully believe that Aristotle, absolute idealist, would have willingly endorsed every one word of all these then, as I equally fully believe that the absolute idealist, Hegel, did he live, would not for a moment hesitate to endorse every one word of them now. Such conundrums as those of Descartes, or of Hobbes and Hume, ay, or of Fichte and Kant, did not for either Aristotle or Hegel, in good truth, function. If, indeed, cognition, human cognition, cognition just as cognition, *can* only know within, and, consequently, *never can* know a *without* in its self, in its own reality, as a *without*—if, we say, this be so, how are we to understand the divine cognition?—that God never *saw* the tree He planted, or the man He made, or beast

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of the field, or fowl of the air! Philosophy, in its explanation of the universe (as which it can be shut up in a single sentence—this, namely,

That the dialectic of God's own Self-consciousness develops the Categories — Thought, Reason, the *Within;*

That these Categories, by the same dialectic *externalised* are—the Universe, Nature, the *Without*)—Philosophy, with this interpretation of the universe, has no need I say, to doubt but that man, the finite, just as he is physiologically constructed, does know, does *see* the actual without *as* the actual without, grass *as* grass, tree *as* tree, man *as* man, etc., etc.

And this being, the whole of that metaphysic that, with Descartes, say, or with Hume, Kant, or another, is in mortal anxiety as to what *The Thing In Itself* may be, is futile. Philosophy has three objects, Logic, Nature, Mind; and to the solution of all three of them it applies Categories. There are the Categories in Kant, in Fichte, in Schelling; but in all three of them, they are only meagre, or only ineptly deduced: and it is in Hegel alone that, in quantity and quality, they come near to what they should be.

For the Categories are the Secret—the Categories constitute the one Secret of the whole.

There are those who, having curiosity to know and philosophise this world, just at once look away off, as it is said, *ins Blaue hinein*, into the Blue, εἰς τὸν ὅλον οὐρανόν, and start on their *Pasear* just as they are; and, "just as they are," they are excellent intelligences and well-educated, but they need not be

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categorically educated. Only the Greeks and the Germans, to say so, are *categorically* educated: and, as just referred to, Hegel of all mankind is the most so. His categories, and as they are, constitute at this moment the most complete body of metaphysic—philosophy—that exists; but it by no means follows that, just as they are, they are final. The secret of the dialectic that deduces them has been given: there are those coming who, on it or with it, will operate to constructions, combinations, configurations, that are beyond prophecy. It is for Philosophy itself to concentrate itself hither.

Of our philosophers, to speak of them in an ordinarily human way, as a Macaulay or a Carlyle might—that Kant was a harmless, decent, kindly little man, with plenty of intelligence in his brain and most acceptable industry in his action;—that Fichte, always as I have elsewhere depicted him, was, in his simple manhood, the noblest of the four;—that Hegel, as ordinary plain man, sound, solid, real, was domestically all that and more—truly a man of heart, sense, duty;—and that Schelling was, in every respect, pretty well as I have on the whole and more than once represented him.

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